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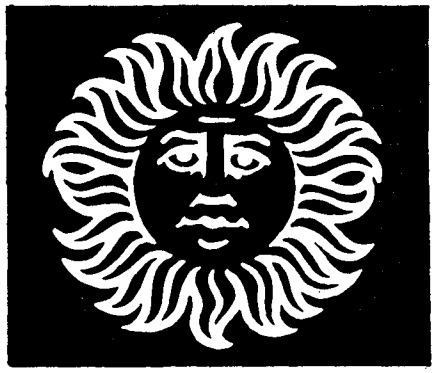

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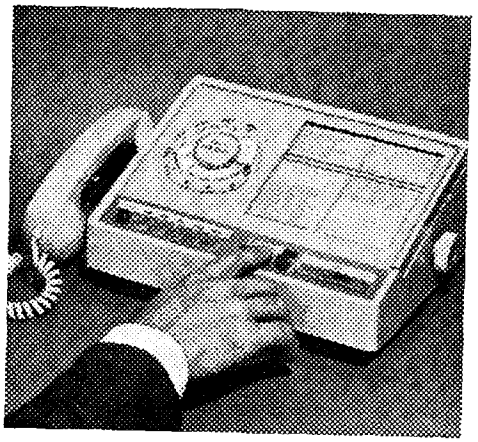

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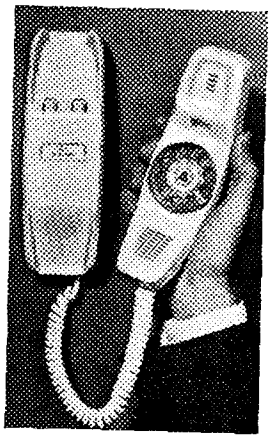

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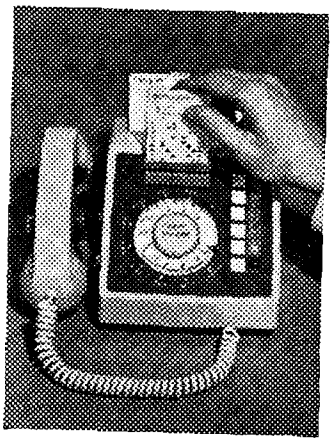

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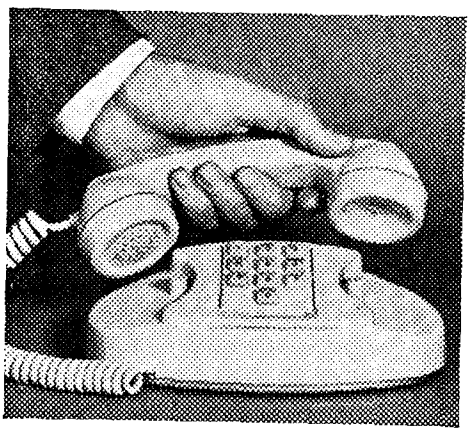

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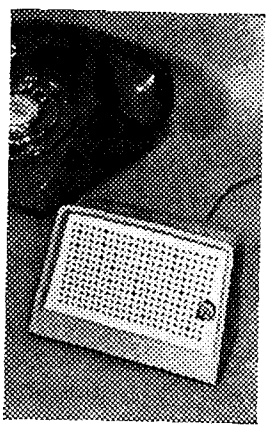

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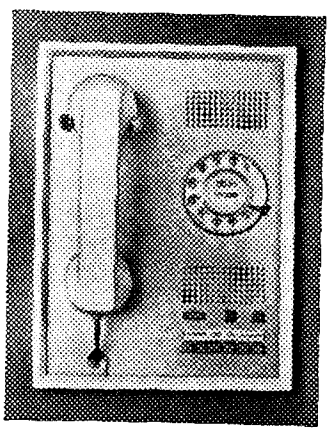

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The Modern Liberal's Casebook

K. R. MINOGUE

THE STORY OF LIBERALISM, as liberals tell it, is rather like the legend of St. George and the dragon. After many centuries of hopelessness and superstition, this new dragon-killer, in the guise of Rationality, appeared somewhere in the world about the sixteenth century. The first dragons upon whom he turned his lance were those of despotic kingship and religious intolerance. These battles won, he rested a time, until such questions as slavery and prison conditions and the state of the poor began to command his attention. During the nineteenth century, his lance was never still, prodding this way and that against the inert scaliness of privilege, vested interest or patrician insolence. But, unlike St. George, he did not know when to retire. The more he succeeded, the more he became bewitched with the thought of a world free of dragons, and the less capable he became of ever returning to private life. He *needed* his dragons. He could only live by fighting for causes—the people, the poor, the exploited, the colonially oppressed, the underprivileged and the underdeveloped. As an aging warrior, he grew breathless in his pursuit of smaller and smaller dragons—for the big dragons were now harder to come by.

What gives liberalism this dragon-killing image is its long series of fights—against despotically inclined monarchs like Charles I and George III, against slave-owning and racial intolerance, against the persecutors of a Dreyfus and a Lattimore, against corruption and intolerance and indifference to suffering. Liberalism as a political movement means this kind of political behavior—struggles lit up at intervals by rhetoric about liberty.

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For intellectuals, liberalism is a political theory closely linked these days with such democratic machinery as checks and balances in government, an uncontrolled press, responsible opposition parties and a population that does not live in fear of arbitrary arrest by the government. A liberal state is one where most actions of the government are taken with the consent of at least a majority of the population. A liberal political philosophy is a description of this kind of state, and an attempt to work out the general principles that can best rationalize it.

A good claim could be made for John Locke as the founding father of liberalism, even though the doctrine did not then have its present name. The term "liberalism" was imported from Spain early in the nineteenth century. In their early formulations, liberal philosophers built an edifice of doctrine upon the natural rights of man. Their successors, blooded by idealist criticism and Marxist social theory, admitted that the "individual" was an abstract and implausible hero for a political doctrine. Men, liberals now agreed, were largely molded by the social environment in which they grew, and to talk of "natural rights" bordered on metaphysical dogmatism. Indeed, as time went on, liberals did not merely admit their error; they positively rushed to embrace the corrections that Marxists and Idealists forced upon them—for reasons that should become clear. Out of this intellectual foray emerged modern liberal doctrine, representing political life as the struggle by which men make their society rational, just and capable of affording opportunities for everyone to develop his own potentialities.

But liberalism is not only a political movement and a political philosophy; it is also a moral character. Liberals are tolerant. They dislike recourse to violent solutions. They deplore stern penal methods for keeping a population in order, and they disapprove strongly of the death penalty. They have rejected the stern patriarchal order that Europe has inherited, and they are critical of puritanism in sexual matters. They also deplore the heritage that has organized men into competing gangs called nation states which periodically rupture human brotherhood by savagely falling upon each other in warfare. Liberals are prepared to sacrifice much for a peaceful and cooperative world order, which can only come about

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by the exercise of great self-control and a talent for compromise. These are moral characteristics recommended to all men. Liberal social theory is frequently an attempt to discover the social arrangements that most encourage this kind of behavior.

We have still not exhausted the content of liberalism. For it is not only the habit of campaigning for reforms, not only a political doctrine and a moral character, it is also a special kind of hope. It not only recommends to us a political system of democratic liberty; it also tells us what will result from such a system. One result will be prosperity, for the energies of the people will be released from the varied oppressions of the past. Another result will be political stability, for one of the reasons why it is wise to permit political opposition is that otherwise discontent, forced underground, will turn nasty and foment rebellion. Parliamentary government based on popular consent will by definition produce what the people want, and people who get what they want are happy. Many of these fruits have indeed been plucked in the centers where liberalism originated—in the English-speaking world and in parts of the continent of Europe. In others, however, liberalism represents both the aspiration and the promise of these things—and one thing more: that industrialized prosperity and power that have now enchanted most of the world.

This side of liberalism can be seen in its keen sensitivity to time, the character that disposes it to serious use of such political terms as reactionary and progressive. Even sophisticated liberals, aware of the crippling arguments against historicism, are nonetheless prone to believe in progress, because they have domesticated Victorian optimism into a general belief that progress means getting more of what one wants. Thus for liberals "the present" means not only everything that is happening now; it also means what *ought* to be happening now. On the basis of this ambiguity traditional societies like the Yemen are described as "advancing headlong into the thirteenth century." Time, like everything else in this social world, is simultaneously a fact and an aspiration.

This, in general outline, is the subject matter with which we are concerned. Its interest is partly intellectual, partly topical. It is

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intellectual because political argument and social inquiry in the English-speaking world are strongly colored with liberal assumptions and carried on in a liberal manner. It is topical because most of us today are, in some degree or other, liberal. It is only the very cynical, the unassailably religious and the atavistically conservative who have remained unaffected. Our concern is simply to investigate liberalism as a movement. It is neither to praise nor bury it, but to consider what might be called its intellectual and emotional dynamics.

What is distinctive of modern liberalism, in which the visionary and hopeful element has in this century grown stronger, is a new understanding of politics. Politics in earlier centuries by contrast involved little more than the maintenance of a traditional structure. Occasionally some blinding vision, such as the recapture of Jerusalem from the infidel, might captivate rulers and even provoke widespread enthusiasm. But no ruler could commit his state to any long-term objective, and the possibilities of social mobilization, even for war, were severely limited by the independence and varied preoccupations of a most unservile nobility. This older view sees politics as something apart from particular visions, but constantly bombarded by them—pressed by those who envisage a tidy hierarchical system, or by those who dream of a population contentedly obedient to the church; for all important social activities generate visions of a society most suited to their demands.

The general features of medieval society were determined by the relations between the activities of worshiping, fighting and food-producing; within a complex system, poets and craftsmen, shoemakers and beggars all could find some room to work. As time went on, more and more people were drawn into the cities; here they produced goods and exchanged them. Some men became more interested in explaining the physical world, whilst others began thinking independently and heretically about religion and morals. A new range of activities grew up, and this led to different laws and social relations resulting from conflict between activities. One cannot pursue scientific inquiry if one is hampered by a dogmatic theological orthodoxy. One cannot follow a commercial life and grow rich if social life is constantly in ferment because of quarrels

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between teams of nobles. In this way activities come into conflict with one another, and as some weaken and others grow stronger, so politics change; and as politics change, so also do people.

Liberalism, however, has come more and more to see politics simply as a technical activity like any other. We first decide what it is that we want, how we think our society ought to be organized, and then we seek the means to our end. The politician must be an expert skilled in political means, and his ends must be democratically supplied to him by popular demand. This view of politics introduces a novel inflexibility both into the actual work of politicians, and into the hopes we have of it. It means, for example, that all widespread problems turn into political problems, inviting a solution by state activity. It follows logically that peoples commit themselves to long-term planned objectives roughly as individuals commit themselves to New Year Resolutions. But while individuals may break their resolutions if they change their minds, peoples cannot be flexible in this way. Faced with backsliding, governments must coerce. They must control the climate of thought in which people live, and if necessary they must engage in large-scale and protracted repression to keep a populace consistent with what it seemed to want sometime in the past.

These consequences of considering politics as a technical activity are, of course, mostly fanciful if we consider Britain and America where liberalism is prevalent in all its fullness. But they are fanciful simply because the political traditions of those countries remain stronger than the prescriptions of liberal ideology, and because what the British and Americans declare politically that they want to do represents with some accuracy what they are in fact disposed to do. The consequences of a technical view of politics actually can be seen only in nonliberal countries with a totalitarian system of government. Here only force and propaganda can whip a reluctant or unenthusiastic populace into conforming to what is taken as the popular will.

But the fact that liberal theory does not have such dramatic consequences does not mean that it is without effect.

Liberalism is an ideology. We may define an ideology as a vision that, having a definite social location, interprets both past

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and present with a characteristic vocabulary, and from time to time generates remedies for what it identifies as defects. Ideologies develop out of common human moods. Most people at one time or another must have regarded social order as a miracle, considered men as being primarily selfish and subscribed to that unlikely cliché that "civilization is merely a thin veneer over our natural barbarism." Such moods are likely to make us conservative, unwilling to tamper with any institution that has worked in the past. But these moods do not develop into ideologies unless there is an important group of people—in the example of conservatism, usually those in established positions—for whom the mood is a justification of their position. Similarly the kind of mood that makes people liberal—a general hopefulness for the improvement of social life—no doubt arises under many social conditions; but its flowering into an ideology appears to depend upon the growth of a large commercial class. Once developed, of course, the ideology frees itself from the mood and becomes, as Engels wrote, "occupation with thoughts as with independent entities, developing independently and subject only to their own laws." If we connect ideologies with moods, then it will not be surprising that any objective discussion of them will reveal both practical inadequacy and intellectual evasion.

If ideologies picture for us the details of a world seen in a certain mood, they also seek to promote and encourage that mood. Ideologies therefore are not to be found exclusively or even predominantly in the writings of political philosophers. We must look further afield—to political discussion of current issues and to all forms of narrative art—if we are to understand the emotions that constitute liberalism and that are no less important than the arguments presented by liberal thinkers. We recognize liberalism in a discussion of the claims that individuals may legitimately make against the state; we recognize it just as surely in the cinematic plot in which an enthusiastic reformer is pitted against a corrupt and cynical authority. For liberalism is optimistic, constructive and compassionate. It is optimistic, for example, in believing with Paine that ignorance, once dispelled, cannot recur. It will recognize

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progress, but not regress. It is constructive in its constant search for solutions, although it will not recognize that to some political problems there is nothing that can be called a solution. And liberalism is compassionate by virtue of its overriding concern with the happiness and the sufferings of individuals.

Compassion may seem an odd emotion to attribute to liberalism. It was not conspicuous in the operations of the Whig lords who largely engineered the 1688 revolution in England, nor in the early economists who contributed so much to liberal attitudes. Certainly there is little that is compassionate about the *laissez-faire* system whose advocacy was long associated with liberalism. Yet even before the end of the nineteenth century liberal politics began to involve the state in welfare programs, converting the state from a threat to freedom into an agent of individual happiness. In the last half century this development has gone far to reunite liberals previously divided over whether political solutions should be individualist or collectivist. The sufferings of any class of individuals is for liberals a *political* problem, and politics is an activity not so much for maximizing happiness as for minimizing suffering.

Yet compassion and a disposition to relieve the sufferings of others can hardly serve to distinguish liberalism, for these emotions may be found among men and women everywhere. There is, however, an important difference between goodwill and compassion in the ordinary concrete situations of everyday life, and these emotions erected into a principle of politics. For liberalism is goodwill turned doctrinaire; it is philanthropy organized to the point of efficiency. If one seeks guarantees against suffering, then one is ill-advised to look to the spontaneous sympathy of men and women. One must create a mechanism that impartially and comprehensively relieves suffering: a ministry to pay the unemployed, a medical service to care for the sick, and so on. Suffering is a subjective thing depending on individual susceptibility; politically, it can only be standardized. And it has been standardized, over a long period of time, by an intellectual device which we may perhaps call a suffering-situation.

The condition of child labor in nineteenth-century Britain

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or that of slaves in the United States exemplifies suffering-situations. In the case of child labor a powerful group of employers was ruthlessly using for its own purposes children who could neither understand what was happening to them nor do very much about it. Here was what everyone agrees was a wrong, and one that could only be changed by the disinterested goodwill and active intervention of a third party. Negro slaves were a similarly helpless group of people; although here the criterion of suffering was less conclusive. It was easy enough to produce vicious cases after the manner of Harriet Beecher Stowe. But it was also possible to produce cases where the slaves were kindly treated and seemed content. The idea of suffering had to be supplemented by arguments about the immorality of allowing people to be born and to grow up dependent upon the arbitrary and unchecked will of a slave owner.

The point of suffering-situations is that they convert politics into a crudely conceived moral battleground. On one side we find oppressors and on the other a class of victims. Once the emotional disposition to see politics in this way is established, then we find people groping around trying to make the evidence fit. Of course people living in slums are miserable about it and want (the only alternative possible in modern societies) a clean well-equipped bourgeois household! Of course colonialism is an evil; look at what King Leopold did to the Congolese; look at all the African parties claiming independence; those who do not claim independence must be puppets of the colonial rulers, for we all know that colonialism is an evil! And so on. Politics proceeds by stereotypes, and intellectually it is a matter of hunting down the victims and the oppressors.

Suffering-situations may be extended even further, in most cases by generalizing from particular instances of suffering to the proposition that the institution is evil and must be reformed. But this line of approach is elastic enough to develop what we can only call the theory of implied suffering. This may be illustrated by the case of parents with delinquent children. Here the fact of delinquent behavior is taken to imply a history of suffering, since delinquency is explained in terms of unstable family circumstances and lack of love. Parents appear as potential oppressors. This use

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of the suffering-situation makes a number of assumptions we need not discuss here, the most important being the liberal assumption that virtues are natural (since man is spontaneously good) whilst vices are the result of some part of the environment.

Environmentalism is an essential feature of all suffering-situations. Victims are by definition the products of their environment, and they sometimes put to the test the purity of our rational concern by exhibiting unsavory characteristics. This complicates liberal moral reactions, for the ideal suffering-situation is one in which the victims can be painted as virtuous and preferably heroic —noble savages, innocent children, uncorrupted proletarians, freedom-loving strugglers for national independence. But where caricatures of this kind break down, as they often have in the past, then environmentalism supplies a means of conserving liberal sympathy for the victims. The delinquency of victims is an index of the extent of their suffering.

Those who fit into the stereotype as oppressors, however, are not seen as the products of their environment for that would incapacitate the indignation that partly fuels the impulse of reform. Parents, for example, are taken as free in a sense in which children are not. Yet a logically consistent environmentalism (as far as that is possible) would invalidate this distinction: either we are all the products of our environment, or we are not. Similarly, the rich are free to mend their ways, whilst the poor are driven by the pressures of the society around them. This kind of illogicality is, of course, typical of ideologies and results from the attempt to explain and to persuade, all in the same breath.

So far we have treated suffering-situations as being composed of the two elements, oppressors and victims. But there is also the third element, those whose interests are not directly involved. Many of these people might agree with a liberal diagnosis of a social evil but remain passive on the ground that it was none of their business. Against this attitude, liberals have been able to assert the duties of democratic participation. This could be, and was, broadened into a general indictment of neutrals on the ground that those who do not help to remedy an abuse must share the responsibility for it. Child labor was not merely the responsibility of

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avaricious employers; it was a blot upon the whole community, especially those who, knowing about it, did nothing to stop it. This third element, led by the liberals themselves, was taken as entirely free of environmental pressures, and upon it rested the unrelieved burden of choosing to act or not.

Two other features of suffering-situations are worth noting. One is that the liberal attitude is entirely secular. It will not countenance theological arguments that suffering in this life is a better passage to heaven than worldly prosperity. The entire game is played out on earth—a feature that is important, although seldom explicit, in discussions of capital punishment. It is partly this feature of liberalism that incurs theological disapproval. The Roman Catholic Church, for example, regards liberalism as a product of "that fatal and deplorable passion for innovation which was aroused in the sixteenth century, first threw the Christian religion into confusion, and then, by natural sequence, passed on to philosophy, and thence pervaded all ranks of society."

This Catholic position must, however, be seen as an attack primarily upon continental liberalism, a more dogmatic version of rationalism than is usually found in English-speaking countries. For Anglo-Saxon liberals theology is simply a different territory, on which they do not really have to pronounce.

Secondly, liberals choose to rely upon peaceful persuasion rather than upon violent means for the reform of the abuses that cause suffering. Liberalism is impossible without the assumption that all men are reasonable and will in the end come to agree upon the best social arrangements. There are, of course, some liberals who become impatient and advocate violent remedies. To this extent, however, they move outside the tradition of liberalism toward more messianic faiths. In general, liberals disapprove of violence, on the ground that it creates more problems than it solves. But their disapproval of the violence of others varies according to who carries it out. All left-wing revolutions are carried out by groups who make out their own credentials as victims, and liberals are likely to dismiss such violence with gentle regret. The violence of a Mao Tse-tung is more acceptable than that of a Chiang Kai-shek, that of a Castro more than that of a Batista. The violence of

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left-wing revolutionaries is excused partly by the past and partly by the future—the past because violence is taken as an inevitable response to past oppressions, the future because revolutionary violence is conducted under the banner of hope: hope for the end of suffering, and the initiation of a new order.

Interpreting their behavior through the stereotype of the suffering-situation, liberals see themselves correctly enough as a middle party. For one thing, they usually come from the middle class, or at least soon take on many middle-class attitudes. For another, they have often found themselves uncomfortably sandwiched between derisively indifferent oppressors, deaf to appeals for reform, and men eager to solve the problem by means of violent revolution. Where political situations have polarized in this way—as they did in Russia up to 1917—then liberals have been reduced to political ineffectiveness. But in more sympathetic surroundings their influence has been enormous, the greater no doubt because they have been able to present the dilemma: either carry out reforms voluntarily, or be overthrown and lose the opportunity to do so.

Liberals are also a middle group according to their moral interpretation of political life; for while most of society has appeared as a complex of groups each struggling for its own interests, liberals alone have been a disinterested force for good, seeking merely to correct what all reasonable men recognized as evils.

Liberalism cannot be understood unless it is seen to possess an emotional unity of this kind. And about this it is extremely hard to maintain objectivity. For it is difficult to analyze the dogmatism and crudity of the stereotype without simultaneously seeming to imply that liberals were misguided in attacking suffering wherever they thought they saw it. Clearly they were not. The same problem recurs if we attempt to discuss the motives that led liberalism in this direction. All human behavior stems from a complex of motives, and it is a simple propagandist device to justify or discredit a movement by pointing to "good" or "bad" motives. Yet we cannot understand either the political role of liberalism or its consequences unless we do consider its motives. For motives in men are movements in society. We cannot therefore simply accept the view that liberalism arises out of an uncomplicated passion for good.

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All we need keep in mind at this point is the testimony of the foes of liberalism. Its conservative enemies often like to attribute its power to the fact that it organizes the sleeping envy ever-latent in the bosom of the masses. From the Marxist side, the attack on motives takes the form of attributing liberalism to middle-class guilt. Marxists see liberalism as the desperate attempt of the more intelligent among the privileged classes to paper over the gaping contradictions of capitalism in order to preserve that system. Both Marxists and liberals deplore the condition of the proletariat. But while Marxists argue for the complete overthrow of the system that produced proletarian degradation, liberals can only offer steady doses of welfare, insufficient to cure the sickness but enough to discourage the proletariat from drastic remedies.

Neither of these views would affect the intellectual validity of liberal doctrine. But the Marxist view is interesting in explaining some features of the liberal attempt to involve everyone in the campaign for reforms and its insistence that all citizens share responsibility for any evil that exists in the community.

The ideology that we are considering may thus be seen as one concerned both emotionally and intellectually with the problem of suffering. What makes any intellectual structure an ideology is partly the fact that it has a particular appeal to some social group. Can we locate liberalism in this way? The conventional answer, and the one propounded most assiduously by Marxists, is that liberalism is a bourgeois doctrine. Many historians of thought have correlated its rise with the rise of the commercial classes all over Europe. But whatever use this explanation ever had has long since evaporated in proportion as so-called bourgeois habits of thought and behavior have spread through all classes and all nations. The notion that liberalism is a bourgeois doctrine merely serves to expose the imprecision of class theory generally. In Britain or America one might say as well that conservatism was a middle-class movement.

Answers of this kind are much too crude to explain the social role of liberalism. Indeed, what is most evident about social movements and doctrines is that as circumstances change they fall into different hands. Throughout its long career liberalism has always

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retained a strong bias against established authorities, a bias that makes it a useful recourse for any group of insurgents. Further, most recent political struggles have involved bringing into politics groups that had previously taken little part in political struggles. It is not surprising therefore that liberal slogans are to be found most fervently upon the lips of the newly enfranchised, those who learn to think of themselves as the victims. Liberalism vies with nationalism for their adherence; but it is the weaker partner in this unequal struggle. For the newly enfranchised are impatient and are liable to turn to less self-disciplined movements than liberalism itself. They have learned a lively appreciation of their own sufferings, and they are looking for quick remedies.

The question of finding a social location for liberalism thus opens up many other questions. It reminds us that in talking of liberalism we are considering an abstraction; and that in treating it as a single movement we may be doing violence to the facts. But we may at least distinguish between those who, like the French intellectuals of the eighteenth century, believed that all men are born free and equal out of a consciousness that *they* were not being freely and equally treated and those modern liberals who adhere to the same belief simply because they consider others are not being so treated. The former group were very likely to change the moment they attained power, and their analogues will be found today in the leaders of various colonial liberation movements. The latter are those who consider themselves morally bound to become involved in any suffering-situation of which they are aware. These people are the most deeply involved in the liberal movement. They are the product of secure societies in which notions like decency and fair play are deeply rooted; in them liberalism takes on something like the heroic stature of a frequently defiant moral integrity.

It is precisely these people who are most clearly aware of what we may call the liberal paradox of freedom. It may be stated thus: Victims are not free, and in a hierarchical social system those at the bottom of the hierarchy will be victimized by those above. The road to freedom therefore lies in the destruction of all hierarchies and the molding of a society that is, in a certain sense, egalitarian. Yet in the modern world the steady erosion of traditional hier-

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archies has not produced states that are noticeably freer than those of the past. On the contrary it has produced a "dehumanized mass" subject to manipulation and control by commercial and political interests. This paradox has provoked only a half-realization from liberals themselves. They have evaded it by the use of two propositions. The first is that we live in an era of transition—in other words, we cannot yet judge what are the consequences of the disappearance of feudal and class hierarchies. And the other proposition is that the modern world has opened up a vast potential, whose use depends upon us.

The modern world is not, of course, the product solely of liberal policies and attitudes; the growth of industrial techniques and modern nationalism are both at least as important as liberalism. But liberalism, of all movements, has opened its arms widest and most promiscuously to modern developments, going so far as to regard whatever it dislikes in the modern world as being atavistic or unmodern. It would be a fatal irony if liberals failed to recognize that the domestic dragons have now become almost superannuated; for if we have not yet freed the princess, we are held back by barriers of a different kind—ones that cannot be understood in terms of suffering-situations.

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Henry James and the Jacobites

MAXWELL GEISMAR

YES, I KNOW THERE IS NO "REAL" HENRY JAMES. Every notable artist is subject to diverse interpretations; the more the better. Each age has its own view of every artist. James himself was neglected, even ridiculed, toward the end of his career. He was at best the idol of a little coterie of esthetes—although he rather drew back from the refined British decadence of the *Yellow Book* set.

In the 1920's he had a small but definite position of prominence. He was read by Scott Fitzgerald, for example, among other writers of the period; his first editions were collected by the sophisticated. In the thirties—age of social concern and radical belief, of thwarted hopes and twisted careers, of disenchantment, yes, but of vitality and excitement too—poor James was put back in his familiar corner of obscurity.

It was only in the midforties, in the decades following the Second (and perhaps Last) World War, that James was "discovered," and rediscovered, and discovered again, until he took on, with each passing year of our period, a greater and greater importance. Isn't he now the source of a whole literary, academic and critical foundation—an industry? Like his own scoundrelly philosopher of "The Coxon Fund"—strange irony—James has become an institution. He is considered today not only a major figure in world literature but, with Melville, as a supreme American artist—sometimes as the *only* American writer of modern times.

This self-acknowledged pariah and literary outcast of his own period is the present figurehead of a dominant—and powerful and fearsome—literary establishment. Now I don't wish to deny Henry James the belated justice and recognition that has come to him,

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and that in part he surely deserves. But he deserves it for completely different reasons, I believe, from those generally advanced. And the extent, the intensity, the proportions of his current acclaim are not only formidable but fulsome; they are exaggerated, absurd and unreasonable. It appears that justice, like anything else, can be overdone.

Why this acclaim? That is one of the questions this essay tries to answer. But here my central purpose is the study of Henry James's own temperament, character and literary achievement—that marvelous prodigy indeed—and that body of fictional work that is surely unlike anything else that has ever been written.

The Henry James of this study is very different from the figure that has been established in the artistic consciousness of the United States in the mid-twentieth century. We might call him "the other Henry James." To summarize briefly, for the sake of clarity, the conclusions that are reached in my discussion of James's huge body of work, let me say first that this writer was not a major writer at all—that he is a major *entertainer* (something very different) of a rare and exotic sort: a cross, if you like, between the Master Magician that James called himself, and the kind of literary monster that he sometimes seems.

He was not a major writer not only because the range of his work was narrow, if immensely "elevated," but because his chosen world was completely artificial and fanciful: neither British nor American at base, but only compounded of adolescent or, actually, preadolescent visions of what such a world *should* be like. Wasn't it composed at least half of a glorified British aristocracy, just beneath whom, and yearning to ape them, were the Jamesian working-class protagonists, like the butler Brooksmith so often commended by the Jamesian critics, or the revolutionary little bookbinder Hyacinth Robinson of *The Princess Casamassima,* or the murky journalist Densher of *The Wings of the Dove?* This was also the world of the rentiers and the inheritors; for the primary condition of human freedom, according to James, was to have inherited a fortune. Even his less successful heroes and heroines have *little* fortunes. And when they don't, they must be adopted by British or American nobility that does have one, as was Isabel Archer of *The Portrait of a Lady.* Or else, like Kate Croy of the *Dove,* they

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must set out to gain a fortune illegitimately, evilly, corruptly—and so, to James, very often sexually.

In this entirely leisure-class literary cosmos, the idea of *making* a fortune—and that is not to say, earning a living—was unthinkable, except for those vulgar American financiers of James's work, or those quaint, childlike, sweet millionaires (from Newman of *The American* to Adam Verver of *The Golden Bowl*) who have come to Europe to be "educated." Very much like Edith Wharton, James thought the true function of the artist was to teach the rich how to use their money better. Wasn't he in fact the perfect novelist of our primitive finance-capitalism in its high brief flowering of titans and robber barons: the perfect example (although Veblen neglected to use him) of conspicuous display and ostentatious consumption in the arts?

The Jamesian style itself, in its later phases, was a key to this: a style, as it were, for the sake of style; a style that was intended to deceive or mislead the reader quite as often as to inform him; a style that grew richer, more verbose and orotund, as its material grew thinner. For even within the restricted confines of this upper- and leisure-class literary orbit that James had laid out for himself —as early, quite literally, as his pubescent years when his reading of the English Victorian novelists, his yearning for "romance" and his encounter with the great European art galleries all coalesced into the Dream of Europe, the Nightmare of America—even within *this* thin and artificial and childlike literary orbit, the Jamesian range of emotions, human feeling and human relations was narrowed still more by his temperament.

He viewed womankind essentially as preadolescently pure, sweet and good, and of course wealthy. His vision of sex was essentially voyeuristic. A whole series of childlike Jamesian "observers" —some of them, as in *What Maisie Knew,* actually children—stand outside that mysterious realm of adult intimacy, which always turns out, however, to be coarse and vulgar, if not evil. And when the later James did break through a lifelong sexual inhibition, as in the *The Sacred Fount,* what even stranger "theories" of sexual behavior and sexual motivation emerged. Fabulous, incredible and fascinating indeed. In this esoteric Jamesian universe—a literary world that is comprised of one half of the upper one per

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cent of the human race at best, and one quarter of *their* emotions —the worst crime, next to being poor, is to be sexual. In the Jamesian women, such as Kate Croy, or Charlotte Stant of *The Golden Bowl,* poverty not only accompanies sexuality but appears in fact to cause it. Now of course I don't mean *real* poverty but, as it were, relative poverty—not being as rich as rich friends, or as noble as noble friends.

Do I exaggerate? Yes, a little, probably. It is hard not to, once we have caught the key to this Jamesian vision of life, which then becomes comic in essence. And not comic by the Jamesian intention, but because he absolutely and completely believed that this was the only true vision of life, and founded an autocratic and authoritarian empire of art around it. James has been praised over and over again (by the James cult, I mean) for having removed the old-fashioned auctorial presence of the late nineteenth-century novelists from the novel form. But the "points of view" or the "centers of illumination" that he substituted were all *James's* point of view. Behind them he lurked, he plotted and planned and schemed, more despotic and dictatorial than any old-fashioned novelist lecturing his readers about the sins and frailties of human character in the midst of life. For the later Jamesian characters become inhuman. Or at least, in their limited area of experience, with their limited range of emotions, they are human only in the sense that power and manipulation are human. Without the capacity for love, fearful even of friendship as another trap for the human spirit, living on fabricated human relations, controlled only by the yearnings and demands of an immaculate Ego that eschewed all the ordinary solaces, rewards and supports of human experience, these Jamesian literary figures are also puppets of the Jamesian *plots*—most typically a combination of sentimental romance and of cunning melodrama.

The famous dramatic method that James brought over to the novel form from his unhappy, his traumatic, experiences on the English stage, removed all possibilities of freedom in the novel. Thus the usual Jamesian chronicle was one of *manipulation* rather than of human revelation—of characters preying upon each other, of James preying upon them all, for the sake of those grand dramatic effects, those theatrical entrances and exits, those surprise

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stage climaxes. No characters in the later James fiction, the so-called Major Phase, can lead either normal or full lives because James is in absolute control of their behavior, their thought, their being.

James had no other life except this fabricated and manipulated world of his fiction. That is why the Jamesian esthetic is valid in concentrating on the work of art rather than on the artist himself; for the work of art in the Jamesian case *is* the artist. Just as he had no life outside of art, he knew nothing at all about the life of his time—or the barest minimum that a writer can know—and he cared less. His earliest description of the American scene was a formidable list of lapses and omissions, all of which had nothing to do with the reality. But it was the nightmare of his youth; it was set against his earliest dream of European "art," "culture" and "life" itself, in a temperament that was comprised of polar opposites, where illusion was pitted against illusion, and reality, maturity and the experience of living had little place to enter. Yes, it is the artist's *vision of life* that counts most, that makes his work notable, singular and durable; but the crucial question here is the amount of life contained in that vision—of the connections it makes with the recognized, shared experience of the human race. What shall we say of a "major artist" who is *all* vision—or illusion, or enchantment, or magic—and has no recognizable life?

Well, then, very little life; the barest minimum, which serves to make all the Jamesian illusions, enchantments and magics almost seem convincing while you read them, and before you think about them. Isn't he the perfect symbol of our own deepest adolescent yearnings for the way "things should be," even though we know they never are that way—and, in James's case, never could be and never were? Like a Herman Wouk, say, or a J. D. Salinger, wasn't James a perfect figurehead—since he easily surpassed the contemporary writers in talent and achievement—for the American fifties: an age of social and cultural make-believe whose own yearnings for illusion and magic—for a false, blind enchantment at the cost of all reality—met and matched James's native capacity to entertain? Was *that* the reason why the James Cult of critics instinctively and unanimously selected this Master for their study and worship, their marvelous works of explication and exegesis

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soaring ever higher into the empyrean void of absolute (and immaculate) art?

At least James couldn't have suited them better. He was nonpolitical; that is to say, he was a "royalist" in the politics that he disdained. He thought of America as the Lost Colony (and said so), while the American Revolution became the "King's War." Even more than nineteenth-century British nobility, James preferred the eighteenth-century English scene simply because the older nobility appeared to be more noble; and he preferred even to that the great and glorious French Empire of the *Ancien Régime*. James was nonhistorical, since his notion of history was that of legend, romance and the picturesque. The French Revolution of *The Ambassadors* was a matter of blood and terror and of lovely, delicate, cultivated French noblewomen who gallantly await their turn at the guillotine. *The Princess Casamassima* and *The American Scene* are among the weirdest social documentaries ever to be written.

And James, although he has been hailed as the "father of the modern novel," was absolutely non-Freudian and nonpsychological. He used something I can only call "psycho-morality": a noble moral ending to an equivocal human situation. How else could he have been so obviously, so patently, sometimes so ludicrously ignorant about his own motivation, his own behavior, his own literary achievement—all of which he revealed in the utmost detail, and in the sublime conviction of his own essential rightness? The Jamesian "stream of consciousness" was simply that; the unconscious would have been to him as vulgar, say, as Zola's novels of peasants and workers. The fascination of studying James lies partly in what he does to, how he interprets, how he "uses" the unconscious material that is inherent in the act of writing itself.

Certainly this cluster of limitations in James—of "lacks" almost as large as those he saw in his earliest picture of American life—would be enough in themselves to draw to this writer all those contemporary critics who had turned away from the radicalism of the thirties; or who had been against it in the first place; or who, in the next generation of the forties and fifties, no longer wished to concern themselves with anything remotely bearing on the social question. In the epoch of the cold war, of McCarthyism or whatever, of governmental purges and investigations, of both

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a forced conformity of thought and a natural, self-induced one, Henry James was the perfect symbol of safety, propriety and gentlemanly behavior.

He was even more a symbol of a "pure art," which, claiming to be advanced, modern, sophisticated, was actually reversionary. The United States of the forties and fifties, just like the England that faced the real French Revolution in Herman Melville's *Billy Budd,* was afraid to look beyond itself; for within, all was comfort, complacency and safety—and beyond, but not beyond *enough,* was anarchy, chaos and world revolution. And just as in the case of Melville's Captain Vere, the esthetic authoritarianism—if not absolutism—that James created, and that the James Cult elaborated into the Book of Good Taste, held in it the seeds of fear and panic; or, rather, of that Jamesian *anxiety* that is the single dominant and true emotion in his fiction. The wonder of it is that this Jacobite Cult could have gone so far on so little, piling flattery upon praise, rationalization upon rationalization—even falsehood upon falsehood.

Thus *The Portrait of a Lady,* one of the Jamesian romances of renunciation, sensitive and touching, but based upon a highly improbable melodrama of evil, is compared with *Moby Dick* itself. (And what a mate for Ahab would Isabel Archer be!) Thus *The Turn of the Screw,* by James's own admission a tricky and fabricated ghost story, based upon the "evil" of sexuality forced upon "pure" childhood, is solemnly discussed as a "Freudian masterpiece." Thus *The Princess Casamassima,* one of James's poorest and most tedious novels, is revalued as a brilliant study of the Anarchist Movement in the 1870's, about which, judging from the novel itself, James knew only what was contained in the scare headlines of the daily newspapers. Thus *The Bostonians,* into which James poured all his scorn for the New England intellectual scene which he hardly cared to understand, is a "devastating picture" of the Abolitionist-Transcendental movements. Thus even the Jamesian plays, which were properly hissed off the British stage and which he wrote as sheer romances, melodramas and potboilers, have now been collected for the edification, one supposes, of our budding academic playwrights. Thus even those famous two transposed chapters in *The Ambassadors*—which is incidentally one of

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the silliest and most uninformed novels about American business and French art alike—have finally been put in their proper order in the new New York Edition, although for fifty years nobody noticed that they were out of place.

And so on, and on. Were these contemporary Jacobite critics honest and self-deluded—the victims of the historical period that they wished to ignore? Or were they disillusioned and cynical, using as a marvelously elaborate "screen" for their own lack of any real conviction or belief in life and in art alike, or any real involvement, the work of this writer James, who was himself so full of screens, of blinds and dodges, of reflectors and reverberators of a reality that is always described second or third hand? Or were they simply lazy, clever and conformist—herd-minded, that is, and opportunistic—sensing in this enormous literary trend the fastest, best way to a university chair, a book-reviewing podium, the columns of the literary quarterlies (all more or less alike), sensing, in short, a safe, fashionable and comfortable area of "intellectual" activity?

They are, at any rate, entrenched in the sensitive, the powerful areas of our academic, scholarly and journalistic life today. But the peak of their authority and influence—if not of their malice, another trait they have inherited from their Master—is already waning, for the simple reason that they have pushed the Jamesian canon as far as it can go. Nothing more can be said about this artist in praise and false praise; now it remains only to tell the truth. The most recent work of the Jamesian Cult—it can hardly be called criticism—is Oscar Cargill's *The Novels of Henry James* (1961). It is among other things a gathering-in of all the modern encomiums for James's books—good, bad and indifferent—in which the author of the compendium actually quarrels with those Jacobite commentators who have dared to criticize—well, to differ with—even the poorest or weakest literary productions by James. Well, so be it, and the Imperial James still rules over the American Academy today—but this has always been a sanctuary, or, to be polite, a resting place for art, rather than a creative or germinal area. Henry James is also the perfect Academic Novelist; but among our own younger fiction writers today many have realized, quite intuitively or naturally, that this particular Emperor is naked.

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I am afraid that during the course of the present article, while noting the commentary of the Jamesian Cult, I have not treated its most representative critics with sufficient respect. For I believe that their worst error, intellectually speaking, is that they have not understood the real nature of the artist whom they have elevated into such dubious prominence. They are ignorant about Henry James, since they accept the premises that James himself gave to them on esthetic, historical, social, psychological and human grounds. And the Jamesian premises, like his rules, principles and laws of art—indeed like the whole structure of the Jamesian esthetic—were almost always a rationalization of his own weaknesses and failures. His triumph, in his own mind surely, and now, as it appears, in the mind of a whole bewitched generation of Jamesian explicators, analysts and apologists, was simply that he converted every loss, every failure, every defeat, every debacle in his career into an imaginary victory. He is a supreme example of the Rationalizing, the Devouring Ego (in non- or pre-Freudian terminology) that must repress the least hint of danger, either in Itself or in the world around It, by a series of ever-ascending, ever more elaborate explanations that remove It further and further from any kind of troublesome reality. Henry James is a whole course in the non-Freudian psychology of survival, and even triumphant ascendency, at the cost of all truth.

The great writers start first of all from self-knowledge; James reveled in self-ignorance, which he then proclaimed and codified as universal law. But how can a writer who is not "great" or "major" or even "important" in any important sense, who perhaps is not even *relevant,* in the long workings of time, for the majority of the human race—since James's vision of life was *so* singular, his experience so limited, his sensibilities so restrained—how can such a writer, finally, still remain so interesting? I have no intention here of trying to "destroy" or even "debunk" Henry James himself—that would be too easy, in a sense, and too cheap. When the Jacobite Cult has vanished from our literary scene—and no loss—James himself will remain as a remarkable phenomenon. Remarkable just because he is a phenomenon never before glimpsed on literary land or sea and probably never to appear again. And that, his improbability, is his curious fascination, his particular merit.

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A Heretic's Sacraments

WALTER KAUFMANN

Baptism

We chose a name, knowing that you, not we,
must bear its burden, and we recognize
this symbol of responsibility
almost too great for us. We are not wise—

hence you exist—and we shall fail while prone
to feel you failed. May you some day forgive
your parents, and we hope when you are grown
you will sometimes be happy that you live.

Wedding

Grateful and joyous love discerns
all that is best, all, all
that calls for hope.

Wounded, an animal, it turns
and turns round what is small,
and has to grope,

deprived of sight, for what is strong,
and, sleepless, cannot dream.
In agony

it charges, counts, and recounts wrong;
and features, once loved, scream
for charity.

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Knowing all this, I wed thee: wound
my soul, be thou my rack,
let us unite.

Love is not love that dies when pruned:
cut deep, true love grows back
to greater height.

Death

When I am dead do not play dolls and dress
my body in a suit before you lay
it in a box to sleep! Should I sleep less
if you disposed of me some other way?

Drown burn or bury me—forget
sometimes but when you do remember me
recall us as we were without regret
and honor our love with honesty.

Nothing can equal deep love's deepest thrust:
we suffered much but hurt each other most.
We sailed together in a gale were lost
and I my love was first to reach the coast.

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Unconventional Warfare

J. K. ZAWODNY

It is more than a knife in the enemy's back....

IN THE THIRD CENTURY B.C. in the city of Argos, Pyrrhus of Epirus, known as the Red King, was killed by a chamber pot thrown from a roof top by an elderly lady. The basic elements of what is today known as "unconventional warfare" were embodied in her action: there was surprise, and an unusual—if not extraordinary—weapon; the object of attack was strategically important; the attack was successful; and it was performed by a nonprofessional warrior. The performer, not the technique, is the significant element of this episode.

The outstanding feature of unconventional warfare is that it is carried out by people of all ages and backgrounds and of both sexes. It is a "People's Warfare." A warfare of masses who have lost patience, it is an unremittingly violent way of saying to the enemy by all possible means: "We hate you; we are everywhere; we will destroy you!" Unconventional warfare is the effective weapon of the weaker adversary; and, strange as it may sound, the United States is as vulnerable to this sort of warfare as Cuba. It is, furthermore, an extremely cheap weapon—at least, monetarily. It cost the United States taxpayer about $200,000 to kill one enemy soldier

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Research for this paper was done under the auspices of the Project for International Studies in Conflict and Integration at Stanford University. The findings are based on cross-cultural investigation of Polish, Yugoslavian, Greek, French and Italian underground and guerrilla activities in the period from 1939 to 1945 and of Chinese activities from 1946 to 1949. Materials gathered from open sources by the Operations Research Office under subcontract FY52-266-27 with the Department of the Army were quite useful in supplementing the data.

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in a "conventional" manner during the Korean conflict; the Communist unconventional forces of Vietnam, spending only a tiny fraction of this sum, are inflicting losses variously estimated at eight hundred to fifteen hundred human lives a month.

Unconventional warfare is that part of "Special Warfare" that employs violence. It can be broadly classified as offensive and defensive. It is offensive when one government promotes the overthrow of a foreign government or a change of its political elite. In these circumstances, organization, manipulation and assistance are carried into another territory; the recent affair with Cuba is an example. It is defensive when a frustrated political group structures itself into a disciplined organization to apply violence against the government of its own nation or when a people fight the occupational forces of an invading army. This classification does not preclude both types from being (and they usually are) *strategically and tactically* offensive.

Communists have been and are using unconventional warfare. They have, in fact, developed a body of strategic doctrine and tactical theory for its application; the Chinese Communists, in particular, have reached a stage of considerable finesse and sophistication. Not counting the exploits of the Mescalero Apaches, of Mosby and Quantrill, America is relatively inexperienced in this kind of warfare, particularly in its offensive application. The organization of the invasion of Cuba, however, the present conflict in Vietnam and the maintenance of several thousand specially trained "unconventional soldiers" in Germany, Okinawa and at Fort Bragg would seem to indicate that the government is seriously considering its use.

There seem to be three prerequisites for initiating unconventional warfare. First, an organization must be created to support those who will carry the violence directly to the enemy. Leadership, supplies and money are indispensable for the inception and survival of the underground. Guerrilla and saboteur units are only a small part of the structure; also included are Headquarters, Intelligence, Communications, Propaganda, Cadres in Reserve and Training, and Logistics.

In Poland under German occupation it took about two years before systematically organized guerrillas emerged from the or-

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ganization. People to provide leadership were needed first, and a basic skeleton of territorial organization had to be created. Simultaneously with the growth of the underground organization, leadership was solidified in the Polish Government-in-Exile. Contacts with allies were established to secure money and supplies. As the conflict escalated, six-men sections were combined into platoons, platoons into companies, and so on, until finally districts and areas were designated for unified command, and the whole country was covered with an underground network. On each level of the structure ideally there was but one human link between the immediate subordinates and a superior. A section leader knew his six subordinates and his platoon commander; the platoon commander knew his five section leaders and his company commander. A person's face and pseudonym were known only to about six others. (Communists prefer to hold this number to three, and wisely so.) Intuitively, a member does not want to know too much about the organization.

The second ingredient essential for the initiation of unconventional warfare is a culture that allows or promotes violence, and the effectiveness of the organization usually depends on the degree to which the cultural values and traditions of a people condition them to use violence. A Polish boy raised between the First and Second World Wars was encouraged by his teachers to sing over and over again the popular song:

> Jak to na wojence ładnie, kiedy ułan z konia spadnie,
> Koledzy go nie żalują, jeszcze końmi go tratują.
> *How beautiful it is when a lancer falls from his horse during the war,*
> *His comrades do not feel sorry for him, they trample over him* [*in their charge*].

The traditional Polish concept of manly virtue demanded a quick death on behalf of the country or in defense of a woman. The Polish belief in the grand gesture and redemption through suffering also contributed to produce good unconventional fighters. During the Second World War the most bloody and intense unconventional fighting was done by those national undergrounds whose cultural values embraced suffering and self-sacrifice as part of their code of living. Suffering is here identified with virtue.

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The third prerequisite for unconventional warfare is the volunteer, the guerrilla and saboteur, who carries violence to the enemy. Any movement aimed at using violence gathers to its ranks those who are threatened and/or dissatisfied. In the Polish underground movement between 1939 and 1945, the resentment against the cruelty and oppression of the German and Soviet occupation, the absence of formal channels for voicing grievances and the lack of opportunities to change conditions caused the people to band together. Such as least were the usual explanations. Many men were unable to articulate the reasons why they fought. But they did believe that it was the only way they could "do something" about their problems. The messenger of a company in the Uprising of Warsaw (1944) was eight years old. No one knew why he was there; but the boy wanted to fight and was dependable. In one of the actions a sergeant who had been a university professor was fighting because it was "his moral duty to uphold justice."

Women, following precedents in Polish history, were splendid unconventional fighters and did men's jobs, including manning street barricades and shooting. In fact it appeared to this writer that when prolonged and steady physical effort was necessary, women, particularly peasant women, had more stamina and resilience than men. Like the men, they were of all ages and from all social classes. Women with high levels of intelligence worked themselves up into the policy-making levels of the underground (and of the enemy). Nor were they lacking in heroism. A beautiful Polish girl, who was a superb linguist in the movement's Intelligence, was captured and tortured by the Gestapo in a most sadistic fashion. When she could no longer stand it, she asked for poison through a bribed guard. She revealed no information.

It should be emphasized, however, that not only the noblest are attracted by this kind of fighting. Because its participants spring from a very broad cross-section of the population, unconventional forces are also a cesspool of killers and people with aberrations looking for a formalized excuse to use violence. There was many a man ready and willing to kill a prisoner to get "even" for some real or imaginary reason known only to himself. Many kinds of men can be found, particularly among guerrillas. To idealize them is self-destructive.

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Guerrillas and saboteurs are the true "unconventional fighters" for they carry violence directly to the enemy. It seems that, irrespective of culture and country, the people who are close to the soil and nature are the main stock of guerrilla units. These are not, on the whole, rich peasants; the well-to-do tend to stay out of the fighting. The guerrillas' pattern of living requires stamina, physical endurance and a rather philosophical acceptance of hardship. The greatest hardship, other than physical, is the lack of women. Pleasures are scarce. This writer vividly remembers a seasoned fighter who always carried an old squeaky grind-organ playing two tunes: Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" and "El Capitán." Mobility is one of the guerrilla's greatest assets; yet, the men tend to get overequipped, particularly with heavy weapons when they are available. Such weapons provide them with some feeling of security. Another painful problem is the lack of identity. In many societies it appears that men would rather fight in uniforms and be identified as a military unit rather than a guerrilla band.

Their lives are largely regulated by the degree of support given by the indigenous population, and also by the climatic conditions and the terrain. While valleys are avoided because they might become deadly traps, guerrillas can operate in literally any terrain so long as the distance between their hideouts and the targets is relatively short. When in danger of being encircled by the enemy, the guerrilla units will try to "evaporate" by disbanding and reassembling at a predetermined point. This is not a difficult task if the climate and terrain are favorable.

When possible, the members of the group try to live within communities among the peasants, and to assemble only when necessary for action. The Chinese Communist guerrillas during the revolutionary war tried to be self-sustaining and in some instances even operated cooperatives helping peasants produce food and the necessities of daily life; at the same time they carried on very intense political indoctrination. This kind of approach has two direct gains: first, it conserves energy which can be utilized at the time of action; second, it cements the relationship between the guerrillas and the local population.

Guerrilla fighting has no rules. For security reasons it might be necessary to shoot one's own wounded—an act practically un-

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heard-of in conventional forces. Participants usually do not wear uniforms; thus captives in many instances are treated as "bandits" and shot. Tactics are basically offensive in spirit. Hit-and-run fighting is practiced. Mobility, surprise and dispersions are necessary. Ideally guerrillas follow the principle of "Move while attacking; attack while moving." (Han Wu-ti, 140 B.C.) It would be this writer's axiom that if the enemy has a chance to reload his weapon, the guerrilla action was poorly planned or executed and should be abandoned.

The smaller the groups, the more active they seem to be in searching out and hitting the enemy. The greater the imagination of the leader, the more enterprising and unusual are the actions of the group. In July 1950, four Koreans in a jeep rode into an American post and wanted their gas tank filled. After this was done they rode away, spraying the Americans with automatic fire. Successful action to some extent seems to depend upon determination and a cool head.

Guerrillas are not after territorial gains. Their effectiveness lies rather in binding the enemy forces, killing and spreading terror, destroying elements that are of strategic and tactical importance. Furthermore, they preserve and protect to a considerable degree the economic wealth and structure of a community.

According to Italian claims, guerrillas were tying down a few thousand German troops in the winter of 1943; in September-November 1944 about half of the German army in Italy was engaged in chasing and combating the guerrillas; by April 1945 at least two-thirds of the German forces in Italy were engaged in that task. It appears that the more guerrillas there are in a territory, the more enemy troops will be siphoned into it; however, fear of partisan attack will compel them to cluster and concentrate. This, of course, represents an exciting target for guerrilla attacks.

In regard to the destruction of tactically and militarily important objectives, one can point to the techniques of French guerrillas dealing with German transportation. The range of their activities was broad: faking, changing and turning the directional signs; felling roadside trees; spreading spikes on the roads; burning wooden bridges; mining roads; attacking telephone lines; blocking inland waterways. According to French sources, on June 22, 1944,

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two hundred fully loaded barges (one hundred sixty with food and forty with lubricant for the German war effort) were immobilized by blowing up four locks. The next day another three locks farther down the river were blown and yet another on August 13. Two hundred barges never reached their destination.

Needless to say, picking off a high-ranking officer or a member of the political elite is considered a coup by any guerrilla. Soviet partisans poisoned at least one German general and carried another out of his own headquarters wrapped in a carpet.

In many instances guerrillas in Italy and the Soviet Union acted as protectors of the local industry, at the last moment preventing the German dismantling effort. One of the techniques by which guerrillas may preserve the integrity of the plants is to synchronize with their activities public riots and general strikes. Both of these weapons were used in China, Italy and the Soviet Union.

One final facet of guerrilla activities worth mentioning here is the organization of evasion. This term may encompass attempts to evacuate allied prisoners, airmen shot down or sympathizers. It can also refer to the establishment of an underground railroad facilitating the escape of able-bodied men or specialists to join guerrillas or their supporters abroad. As many as two thousand French volunteers to the Free French forces were entering England monthly in the late summer of 1940, in spite of the fact that the Vichy Government and the Germans were trying to stop them.

Troubleesome as they may be to the enemy, guerrillas at certain times become as troublesome to their own political leadership. This happens when the country is liberated or when the political leadership feels obliged to set forth a concrete political program. Political leaders try to avoid specific pronouncements at the inception of the organization. By remaining vague, they are able to accommodate individual aspirations and thus increase their ranks. When the elite feels strong enough to seize power officially, however, or when, for one reason or another, they are compelled to state their political objectives, they prefer to do so when the guerrillas have been disarmed. Hence a gentle, and sometimes not so gentle, tug-of-war arises between the political leadership and the guerrillas. "Give us the weapons and we will give you the political program." "Give us the political program and we will give you the

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weapons." If the leaders have a label of legality and have the territory under control, the usual practice is to incorporate the guerrillas into the conventional military forces. Thus the guerrillas retain the weapons but they have little to say about the direction and content of political programs. Any successful guerrilla movement, however, carries within it the seeds of violent opposition to its own political leadership.

If guerrilla fighters are the artisans in violence, those who are engaged in sabotage are the artists. They are the "surgeons of violence" by profession; they deal with the nerves, heart and brain of the enemy. They hit power stations, transformers, high tension lines and all possible centers of communication. They work themselves into the industrial network of the enemy, causing stoppages, faulty production, delays and physical destruction of anything that might be of value.

The ingenuity with which sabotage men choose and attack their targets is boundless. There was one instance when even condoms produced for the German army were punctured. (How this was supposed to contribute to Allied victory is not clear.) They might put sugar in gas tanks, cause faulty execution of aircraft engine parts, spike oil wells and change the labels on freight cars. This latter procedure was used by the Polish underground in diverting precious metals used in the production of high-grade steel from Berlin to a small town in southern Greece. It took three months for this transport to reach Berlin, part of it having been blown up by Greek saboteurs.

Sabotage units are able to supplement even the air force. During bad weather in January and February of 1944, the French underground damaged 570 locomotives; in the same span of time, Allied attacks from the air damaged only twenty-four locomotives in occupied France.

If these groups really want to get a man, there is practically no chance for him to survive. The German general who commanded the security police in Warsaw rode to and from his office by different routes every day with an escort of armored cars. Nonetheless he was ambushed and killed.

There is no logistics problem with the members of sabotage

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units as there is in the case of guerrillas. They live "ordinary" lives and maintain themselves. The Polish experience showed that to pass information to the members of the group took about ten hours in a large city; to get them ready and assembled at the point of action took an additional six to ten hours. Outside of their time in action, they are responsible for their own maintenance and their own lives.

It must be emphasized that as effective as is the guerrilla and sabotage units' tactical and strategic contribution to defeating the enemy, this does not adequately explain their value in the struggle for political power. Here, *the greatest contribution of guerrillas and saboteurs lies in catalyzing and intensifying counterterror which further alienates the enemy from the local population.* The enemy as a rule will relegate the responsibility for dealing with unconventional fighters to military forces or security agencies. These groups deal with the fighters by using the only methods available to them—those involving force. Because the guerrillas are elusive and the saboteurs even more so, the frustration of the pursuers results in counterviolence, which falls on the lifeline and source of manpower of these units—the local population. Reprisals begin.

This is what sophisticated political leaders of guerrillas may expect. There is no better way to alienate a regime in power from the population than to incite it to apply nonselective terror. Guerrillas and saboteurs serve this purpose eminently. The ebb and flow of membership in these units is not related to the number of tactical victories, to their losses or even to their prospects for success. The rate of recruitment is directly related to the intensity of terror applied by the enemy in suppressing the movement. Any counterterror by the enemy brings to the ranks of the unconventional fighters new recruits who are escaping from the reprisals or who wish revenge. In this way the movement perpetuates itself. Unless the guerrillas are also using terror against the population, the more terror the enemy applies, the more fighters he produces, provided, of course, that the cultural values permit violence. (Certainly Quakers would react to counterterror differently from Catholic Poles.)

The existence of an underground and its result—unconven-

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tional warfare—is evidence of the breakdown of social order. When this occurs, there is a considerable alteration of the operational values and social mores of the society. What was a crime before the struggle can become exemplary behavior during strife. Killing, destroying property that may be of use to the enemy and slowing production become not only respectable, but also moral obligations. This modification of values affects the process of socialization of the generation growing up while the underground activities are in progress. Violence becomes an acceptable means and part of solving problems for that generation. Polish underground authorities were aware of this and established a special "Pedagogical Council" to see that the boys would not become one-track killers, but would continue with the acquisition of education and the development of moral values necessary for existence in a normal democratic society. A man who grows up in the Judaic-Christian tradition of compassion and love has to go through intellectual calisthenics to rationalize his participation in the ruthless operation of unconventional warfare. This is not the case with the Communists, where all activities of this kind can be explained and justified in terms of class struggle.

In terms of American cultural values, it seems that to engage in unconventional warfare we would have to abandon two rules in our code of manly conduct—waiting for the enemy to reach for his gun first and face-to-face combat. These two ideals are the very antithesis of unconventional fighting.

Mass movements using unconventional warfare exist at this time in at least eleven countries: Algeria, South Africa, Angola, Burma, China, Vietnam, South Korea, Kenya, Laos, Venezuela and Guatemala. There are also "dormant" underground movements in at least ten countries in East Central Europe now within the sphere of Soviet influence. In the years since the end of World War II, the political elites and forms of governments in six countries have been changed through the application or with the assistance of the techniques of unconventional warfare: China, Israel, Vietnam, Iraq, Cuba and Laos. Such techniques for gaining political power will be used frequently by technologically backward people because they are cheap and effective.

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Our political leadership ought to face this question squarely: Is unconventional warfare an instrument of foreign policy to be applied in international relations as an element of power and pressure, or is it merely an infantry combat technique to be used in wartime? If the latter is what we have in mind, then we are really using "unconventional warfare" in the most "conventional" fashion. On the other hand, *if* we intend to enter the game of systematically initiating, manipulating and fostering political mass movements in order to help peoples realize their political objectives through violence, then we must understand and clearly distinguish between the prerequisites, the techniques and the objectives of unconventional warfare.

If such a definition takes place, then the aspirations and expectations of the indigenous people with whom we plan to work ought to be given paramount attention and faced squarely and honestly! Otherwise we shall fail as we did in Cuba.

This is even more important when we try to fight guerrillas, as we are doing now in Southeast Asia. True, in some situations it is necessary to deal with guerrillas in the most stern and unyielding manner. (Seek them out and put such pressure on them that the guerrilla will not have a chance to stop behind a bush to relieve himself. . . .) But this is a short-term tactical answer; the final solution should not rest at this. For a long-range consideration, it is necessary that a basic question be asked: "Why did guerrillas emerge and what are their values, goals and grievances?"

You cannot expect a starved peasant in an underdeveloped country to fight on behalf of "free enterprise"—he has experienced it already from his landlord. Neither does the word "freedom" mean much to him—freedom to do what? Behind a guerrilla's gun is a man; that man shoots in the direction from which there is no hope. He shoots because he does not believe that for him justice and satisfaction can be achieved in any other way. In the long run, therefore, he should be met on the level of his expectations and hopes, and not with a rifle. "For a partisan may be completely wrong on what he is fighting *for,* but is not likely to be nearly so wrong on what he is fighting *against.*"

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C. G. Jung

ANTHONY STORR

JUNG, WHO DIED IN JUNE 1961 at the age of eight-five, was the last survivor of the great trio of European psychiatrists whose names are household words. Freud, Jung and Adler were all, in their different ways, pioneers; each contributed ideas that have had a powerful influence, not only upon psychiatry, but upon the general conception that twentieth-century man has of his own nature.

Of the three contributions, that of Jung is the least generally appreciated. Adler, during his lifetime, exerted considerable personal influence. His ideas were easy to grasp, and expressed in a style so popular that they are liable to be undervalued by the sophisticated. Freud's work has been widely accepted; and, although his originality and iconoclasm at first made him enemies, he wrote with such admirable clarity that his books have long been familiar to educated people. But Jung remains unread, and this is not altogether surprising. For the man who picks up a book on psychology usually does so in the hope of finding some illumination of his personal problems, and if he turns to Adler or Freud he will inevitably find something that applies to himself. But if he happens to light on Jung he is likely to be nonplussed. For he may well find that he is confronted by an erudite discussion of the Trinity, or by an excursion into Chinese Yoga, or by a disquisition on medieval alchemy. What possible relevance can such esoteric subjects have to the day-to-day problems of living for which the average person seeks advice? It is understandable that some conclude either that Jung is too deep for them, or else that he is a crank who has de-

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serted science for some crazy mixture of religion and speculative philosophy.

That this is not so it is the purpose of this article to demonstrate. Jung's point of view is, in some ways, unusual, and during the latter part of his life he was chiefly concerned with patients who differed from the common run of psychiatric cases. But the fact that Jung's viewpoint has not won more general appreciation is not because it is intrinsically bizarre, but because he himself had some difficulty in communicating it. As a talker Jung was superb; anyone who has heard him in private conversation or who has read the verbatim record of his seminars must realize that he was a tough, realistic thinker who could not be dismissed as a crank. But his writings are often obscure, and nowhere did he himself make an adequate summary of his ideas, as did Freud, for instance, in his *Outline of Psychoanalysis*. Jung's influence has been both wide and deep; but his ideas have penetrated by a process of diffusion rather than as a result of detailed study of his actual writings. As he himself said: "I have such a hell of a trouble to make people see what I mean."

Jung's work can best be appreciated by way of an outline of the development of his thought. He was the son of a Swiss pastor, brought up in the country, and as a child somewhat isolated, since his sister was nine years younger. Quite early he developed an interest in the past and originally wanted to be an archeologist. But the family did not have the money for him to pursue a purely academic career, so he turned to medicine as a second choice. At the time when Jung qualified as a doctor, psychiatry was a specialty of negligible importance; but Jung embraced it eagerly, since he saw that in the study of the mind he could combine both his interest in natural science and his extensive knowledge of philosophy and the history of ideas. He obtained a post in the Burghölzli mental hospital in Zurich, where he worked from 1900 to 1909.

During this time he produced a great deal of original work, including the studies in word-association in which he introduced the word "complex," and his famous book on *The Psychology of Dementia Præcox*. By the end of 1900 Jung had read Breuer and Freud's *Studies on Hysteria,* and Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*. He at once perceived the value of Freud's conceptions

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and became his enthusiastic advocate. *The Psychology of Dementia Præcox* was the first attempt to apply psychoanalytic ideas to the study of insanity, and one of the first in which it was demonstrated that there was a hidden meaning in the apparently incomprehensible words and gestures of the insane. Jung sent this book to Freud, and the two men first met in 1907 when Jung went to Vienna at Freud's invitation.

There followed a period of some six years of collaboration, during which Jung was Freud's favorite lieutenant. But a certain intransigence, characteristic of genius, precluded Jung from remaining *in statu pupillari;* with the publication in 1913 of his next book, *The Psychology of the Unconscious,* communication with Freud came to an end. There were many reasons for the break. The temperamental gulf between the two men was a wide one, and there was a considerable difference in age. But, in addition to this, their training and experience were quite dissimilar. Freud's interest, in his early days, was centered upon neurosis; his original theories of mental structure were based upon the study of hysteria. He never worked in a mental hospital for more than a brief period and had little experience of psychotic patients. It was natural enough that his views should derive from the study of repressed, infantile patterns and the tangle of early interpersonal relationships, since this is the material that comes to light in the analysis of neurotic patients.

Jung, on the other hand, was fascinated by schizophrenia, and remained so until the end of his life. While accepting Freud's theory of repression as applied to neurosis, he came to the conclusion that it was inadequate to explain the extraordinary depth and richness of the material produced by patients suffering from schizophrenia. Psychotic phantasies, and many dreams of both normal and abnormal people, could not, he concluded, be explained in terms of the vicissitudes of infancy. There must be a deeper region of the unconscious mind which lay below the level of personal repression; this region Jung named the collective unconscious. Because of his interest in the past, Jung already had a considerable knowledge of the myths of primitive people; he was thus able to demonstrate remarkable parallels between the dreams and phantasies of his patients and recurrent patterns of myth from

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all over the world. The variations on these mythological themes might be infinite but the underlying patterns remained the same; to these patterns and the figures that appeared in them Jung gave the name of archetypes. In *The Psychology of the Unconscious* Jung took the phantasies of a patient who later became psychotic and showed, with a wealth of detailed parallels, that the production of phantasy was governed not only by the personal experiences of childhood, but also by determinants that the individual shared with all mankind, even with peoples who might be remote both geographically and in time from himself. In Jung's view the child was not born into the world with a mind like a sheet of blank paper on which anything could be imprinted. The child was already predisposed to feel and think along the same lines as his ancestors had done since the beginning of time. The unconscious could not be regarded simply as a part of the mind to which unpleasant emotions were banished. It was the very foundation of our being, and the source not only of mental disturbances but also of our deepest hopes and aspirations.

Freud could not accept this view, and the two men parted. But it is interesting to record the fact that, in one of his last works, Freud reached a similar conclusion about the nature of the unconscious. "Dreams bring to light material which could not originate either from the dreamer's adult life or from his forgotten childhood. We are obliged to regard it as part of the archaic heritage which a child brings with him into the world, before any experiences of his own, as a result of the experiences of his ancestors." Jung's concept of the collective unconscious, common to all mankind, was, therefore, not so controversial as it at first appeared: many Freudians accept something of the kind. The rift between Jung and Freud, like all such rifts, was surely based on personal conflict, not simply on theoretical differences; and it is time that curiosity about this ancient controversy was replaced by an objective appraisal of the great contribution that each man has made to our understanding of the mind.

The conflict with Freud had, however, one positive result. It set Jung thinking about how it happened that he, Freud and Adler studied the same material and yet produced such different points of view about it. From his reflections sprang the idea for which he

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is best known to the general public, the idea of differing psychological types. Jung saw that men approached the study of the mind, and indeed life in general, from different basic preconceptions, of which they were not always aware. The extravert valued the outer world, the relation to external objects, whereas the introvert gave his chief esteem to the world he discovered within himself. Both attitudes were necessary for a full comprehension of reality, but men were usually one-sided and tended toward one or the other extreme. Adlerian psychology, with its emphasis on power, was the product of an introvert, for Adler was concerned with exalting the subject at the expense of the object, as if the object were a threat that might overwhelm the subject. Freudian psychology, on the other hand, was an extraverted construction since Freud regarded sexuality as paramount, and it is in the sexual relationship above all others that the object is most highly valued.

Jung's further subdivision of both types into thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition has not been generally accepted; but his original terms "extravert" and "introvert" have become part of everyday speech. For, as he rightly perceived, this particular dichotomy reflects something fundamental in human nature; many other psychologists, including William James, Kretschmer, Eysenck and Melanie Klein, have found a similar classification valuable. Jung regarded himself as predominantly an introvert, in whom thinking was the best developed function. His difficulty in communicating his ideas is characteristic of the introverted type who is often, as Jung said of himself, "at variance with the reality of things" and thus may not realize what it is that prevents other people from understanding him. A gross example of this is the misunderstanding that led to the accusation that Jung was antisemitic and a Nazi sympathizer, a slander that has already been refuted by his Jewish pupils and need not detain us here.

The next step in Jung's thought follows naturally as a result of combining his view of the unconscious with his typology. Neurosis, Jung concluded, was due to a one-sided development of consciousness which certainly had its roots in earliest childhood, but which was chiefly manifested in a lack of adaptation to the present situation. The extravert's danger was that he might lose himself in the press of external affairs; the introvert ran the risk of failing to

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maintain contact with the outer world. The ideal man would be equally well adapted to the reality of both inner and outer worlds; but such perfect adaptation was a goal toward which to aim rather than a reality that was ever completely achieved. It seemed to Jung that there was a reciprocal relationship between conscious and unconscious, and that the unconscious compensated for a one-sided attitude of consciousness. Hence neurotic symptoms were not simply unpleasant relics of the repressions of childhood, but were also abortive attempts on the part of the mind to remedy its own lack of balance. The psyche, in other words, was a self-regulating entity; and dreams, phantasies and other derivations of the unconscious could not be regarded solely as childish wish-fulfillments, but often as revelations of latent potentialities and as pointers toward the future development of the individual.

The idea that the mind is a self-regulating system is valuable in clinical practice. It is, moreover, a conception that accords well with modern ideas in physiology and cybernetics. The body itself is self-regulating; there are within it numerous devices that serve the purpose of keeping the internal environment constant, so that each cell may function at its optimum efficiency. Such devices, for example, regulate the hormonal system, the acid-base equilibrium of the blood, and body temperature. Automation existed within himself before man ever applied it to machines; and the checks and counterchecks that prevent the internal environment of the body from straying too far from an ideal balance are more complex and more subtle than those in any automatic factory.

It is surprising that Jung's theory of the self-regulating psyche has not attracted more attention. Of all his hypotheses it is the easiest to substantiate with clinical evidence; it is in line with physiology and thus scientifically respectable; it is borne out by the experience of everyday life. We are all familiar with the tough writer who at heart is a sentimentalist; with the frail, emotional woman who is actually ruthless; with the office tycoon who, at home, is a dependent child; with the hard-bitten rationalist who suddenly succumbs to the allure of an outlandish creed. Men are all a mixture of opposites; and the more extreme a person's conscious attitude, the more certainly will one find its opposite within. Jung concluded that the aim of man's development was the integra-

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tion of the personality, which he conceived as a balance between opposites, between inner and outer reality, between reason and emotion, between extraversion and introversion. The individual who achieved integration was one who had succeeded in reconciling the opposites within himself and making a whole out of the disparate elements of his personality. It was not possible for a man to attain complete integration, any more than it was possible for an artist to create a perfect work of art; but this appeared to be the goal of human life toward which the unconsciously directed process of development was tending.

In Jung's view this search for integration and wholeness was characteristic of the second half of life; it is in dealing with the problems of older patients that Jung's analytical psychology comes into its own. Freud and his followers tended to assume that a man's development was complete with the achievement of freedom from parental ties and the establishment of sexual maturity: psychoanalysts have generally been reluctant to treat patients of middle age and over. Jung, however, found that his practice largely consisted of such patients. They were often people who had achieved both sexual maturity and professional success and who did not fit into the usual categories of neurosis. Nevertheless, they had come to a point at which they felt "stuck," and at which life seemed arid and without significance. The study of such people convinced Jung that at about the age of thirty-five or forty a change took place, at least in the people who consulted him. It was a time at which the individual might find that the pursuits of his youth had palled and that many of the activities that used to give him pleasure were no longer enthralling. At such a time the study of the products of unconscious phantasy is often particularly rewarding: Jung found that, in some people, a process of development seemed to be taking place that could be followed both in dreams and in the paintings, poems and other works of the imagination that he encouraged his patients to produce. This sequential development Jung called the individuation process; its study became the chief preoccupation of his own latter years.

Having formulated the idea that there was, in the second half of life, a psychological process of development tending toward the integration of the individual, Jung started to look about for his-

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torical parallels. For he believed that man's essential nature did not alter much in the course of time, and he therefore felt that there must be evidence in the past of men seeking the same integration for which his patients were looking in the present.

He found his parallel in alchemy. Those who are unfamiliar with Jung's thought have found it hard to understand why he should preoccupy himself with such matters as the alchemist's quest for the philosopher's stone. Alchemy, like astrology, which was also one of Jung's interests, has long been discredited by science. Of what possible interest can it be today?

The explanation of Jung's interest is simple. Alchemy is interesting psychologically just because there is nothing in it scientifically. It is equivalent to the projection tests that psychologists use in the assessment of personality. Like a Rorschach inkblot, alchemy contains nothing objective, and, since it is far removed from external reality, it provides an admirable field for the study of unconscious processes. The alchemists were searching for something that had no existence in the outside world, but that nonetheless seemed to them of extreme importance. Like Jung's patients, they were looking for integration and wholeness: the symbolism in which they described their quest was remarkably similar to the symbolism that Jung found in the dreams and phantasies of his patients.

In essential terms the alchemical quest was a search for salvation, but one that could not be contained within the framework of conventional religion. Jung found that many of his older patients were also attempting to find a meaning in life in a way that could only be described as religious, although most of them could not accept any orthodox creed. If a man were to attain his full stature as an individual it would seem that he must acquire some philosophy of life, some view as to the meaning of his own existence. As Jung himself said: "Man cannot stand a meaningless life."

It was not only in alchemy that Jung found evidence of the individuation process. He made wide-ranging researches into the fields of comparative religion, Chinese philosophy, Yoga and other arcane subjects; in doing so, he incurred the suspicion of scientists who, without understanding what he was doing, felt that he had abandoned science for mysticism. But the truth is that the less a

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subject is based on external reality, the more fruitful a field is it likely to be for the study of unconscious processes; Jung's later researches follow logically from his original premises.

Jung has been generally recognized as one of the great original minds of the twentieth century. Freud's psychoanalysis and Jung's analytical psychology have sometimes been regarded as incompatible; but in many respects the two approaches are complementary, and it is only the fanatics of either school who cannot see any value in the other's point of view. Freud's contribution to psychology took a generation to establish. It will probably take at least as long for the full impact of Jung's thought to be assimilated. But Jung's influence has been felt in many fields outside psychiatry, and his place in history is already assured. The concept of the collective unconscious, for instance, has been used by the writer J. B. Priestley in his book *Literature and Western Man,* by the historian Arnold Toynbee in *A Study of History,* and by the physicist W. Pauli in his work on the astronomer Kepler. Sir Herbert Read has acknowledged his debt to Jung in his writings on art, and many creative artists have felt that Jung understood their aims in a way that no previous writer on psychology had been able to do.

Although he was the first to demand that the analyst himself be analyzed, Jung was reluctant to have his teaching codified, and for many years he resisted the setting up of an institute to train pupils in his methods. He believed that his ideas were no more than a preliminary venture into a new field of research and referred to them as a subjective confession. Science takes a long time to catch up with intuitive genius; so far, there have been only a few experimental investigations based on Jung's later concepts. But it should be possible to formulate a series of propositions in such a way that his findings can be objectively demonstrated. A start has already been made in the study of dreams.

Jung maintained that our ignorance of ourselves is profound. He considered that man's most urgent task today is to deflect his gaze from the further conquest of the material world toward the study of his own nature. In a world in which opposites are so far divided that they threaten each other with mutual annihilation, we should do well to listen to Jung's counsel.

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A Garland of Verses for

Marjorie Hope Nicolson

She, who all libraries has thoroughly read
So well that all her friends have profitted,
So that who gloom or glory mounts may climb
Craggy Helicon from rhyme to rhyme
Where she has been our guide; and he whose flight
Bends toward the moon needs take her course aright;
She, loving poetry and knowing few
Could heed its ancient power unless they knew
All cohaerence come again, restored
The shape the world once had; that done, gave word
Both truth and joy. At home in her own thought,
She, she the Circle of Perfection wrought,
Turning knowledge to delight in art—
What's such a scholar's but a poet's heart?
—Til she's become a pattern to us each
Who hope to give like pleasure as we teach
And in our students take such joy as she,
She has in hers. Now, for her jubilee
Our gratitude and our devotion mint
A Sovereign tribute which, being but a print
Borrowing worth from whom it pictures, shall
In shadows trace what shines in th'originall
She: To whom these thanks and all our praise
We hope may bring contentment all her days.

Daniel G. Hoffman

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Scholar, critic, wise and just,
Now the terms are laid to sleep;
Academics also must
Leave the tending of their sheep;
  And other fields entreat thy light,
  Teacher excellently bright.

Marjorie with her telescope
Made the stars and planets clear;
Columbia may never hope
Again to see the Muse so near;
  But she herself adorns our night,
  Teacher excellently bright.

Lay thy staff of office down
That made the flock so briskly run,
Thy lecture notes on Burton, Browne,
The Anniversaries of Donne;
  But do not cease to shine and write,
  Teacher excellently bright.

Louis Simpson

You have pencilled on the margins of my days
(In a neat, cramped hand) for seventeen years.
I have worn out those days and the years. Crumpled hours—
Thousands—overflow wastebasket and desk. I propose

A fresh draft. Yet my eye is caught on a marginal word—
"Honest," say, or "fair"—and, as I explore the rich
Debris of lost time, your words reach
Out of darkness, charged, light. I was prepared

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For your presence, not your domination. Yet there you are,
Definite, inevitable. "I have all I can do," you write,
"To keep up with the day's work"; and I, who let,
Sometimes, the day's work slide, think: "More

Valuable perhaps than knowledge or than wit
Are the daily household virtues. Only from these,
Shaped by the mind, can greatness rise."
And then I hear, somewhere, you saying just that.

Not marginalia, then, but text.
So time's
Rubbish can burn.
You work still, for a while
Moving where no pen moves, like a winter's smile
Dreaming toward spring, or truth's carillon dream chimes.

John Unterecker

Bring Johnny-jump-ups and forget-me-nots,
Bring snowdrops—even now they lift their heads—
Bring daffodils, and out of vacant lots
Bring dandelions laced with spider threads;
Bring rosemary and rue, bring wintergreen;
For Marjorie is leaving Six Thirteen.

Deep in that room's eternity she sat
And brooded upon our follies, and forgave.
The fixèd stare was what we trembled at;
But a sly smile made each of us her slave.
Bring roses then and hollyhocks; bring all
Bright flowers that be, for Marjorie of the Hall.

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Philosophy, like Nature, must abhor
the vacuum her going will bequeath.
Then bank with wild thyme every corridor;
Heap eglantine and asters underneath.
Yet doors will sigh, and window sashes moan,
For Marjorie is leaving them alone.

Queen of the Floor, unchanged by time or place,
She ruled with strictness, yet with mercy too;
And shed her strength upon us out of grace,
As morning sun finds brilliance in the dew.
Such as we are, she taught us how to be.
Farewell, then, happy halls of Marjorie.

Mark Van Doren

✪ These verses were presented to MARJORIE HOPE NICOLSON at a dinner honoring her on her retirement from Columbia University, where she was Chairman of the Department of English and Comparative Literature. Miss Nicolson has been a Phi Beta Kappa Senator since 1937, and she was President of the United Chapters, 1940-1946. She edited THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR in 1943-1944. The authors of these poems have been her close associates for many years, her students and her colleagues. JOHN UNTERECKER, a critic and poet, is associate professor of English at Columbia University. LOUIS SIMPSON, the author of three books of poetry and a novel, teaches at the University of California. DANIEL G. HOFFMAN, associate professor of English at Swarthmore College, has received the Yale Award for Younger Poets and is a former poetry editor of the *Paris Review*. MARK VAN DOREN, poet, editor and critic, was professor of English at Columbia University until 1959.

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The Hunter, Ishi

THEODORA KROEBER

IT WAS IN 1911 that the last wild Indian in North America appeared unexpectedly from the chaparral-covered foothills of Lassen Peak, California. Naked and starving, he was taken into custody of the law. After a brief stay in jail, the law in the person of the Sheriff of Butte County released him to two anthropologists, T. T. Waterman and A. L. Kroeber, at the Museum of Anthropology of the University of California in San Francisco. There in the Museum, befriended by these two young men, Ishi lived until his death, not quite five years later.

Ishi was an American Indian, his tribe the Yana. What name his parents gave him is not known. The Yana shared the widespread Indian custom of not revealing given names to outsiders. Kroeber got around this awkwardness by renaming him Ishi, a word meaning *man* in Yana. Ishi accepted the new name and, finding himself in a society that used personal names freely, answered to his readily enough, but as a Yana born and bred he refrained so far as possible from using it himself. He was not over fifty years old in 1911, probably a year or two under: a man of middle height, build and skin color, well-formed in limbs, body and head. His straight black hair, worn long, framed a rounded face whose features were on the generous side. He was of gentle countenance. His language was the Yahi dialect of Yana; his skills those of the Stone Age of man.

He had lived by the bow, harpoon and fire drill made from

✪ THEODORA KROEBER began seriously to write in the fifties—her own and this country's. Her two books both have to do, in their different ways, with California Indians. One is *The Inland Whale,* a retelling of old tales, and the other is the recently published *Ishi in Two Worlds,* a biography of the Indian who is the subject of this article. Her interests nonetheless, Mrs. Kroeber writes, are literary, not ethnographic. She and her husband, the anthropologist Alfred Kroeber, were engaged at the time of his death on a joint writing venture having to do with the analysis of word usages in English poetry.

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material at hand: juniper, willow, obsidian. He conceptualized, rationalized and accepted truths within the frame of Yana doctrine and values, although he had never lived a day of full, normal Yana life. By the time he was born the Yana people, except for his own small southernmost subgroup, the Yahi, were already dispossessed, dispersed or dead, killed by the immigrants of the gold rush who crossed the mountains by way of Lassen Trail straight through the heartland of the Yahi. As a young child Ishi witnessed single and multiple massacres, and as a child of ten years of age or less he went into hiding with a remnant band of Yahi, the only Yana survivors, probably fifteen or sixteen in all. They remained hidden, their numbers dwindling, until there were only four left in 1908 when they were briefly discovered. Ishi alone survived the discovery and consequent dispersal of the little band; he was totally alone for most—perhaps for all—of the time until he was taken into custody three years later. Such then was Ishi's life experience. When the Sheriff picked him up he knew not a single word of English, and he knew the white man only as plunderer, raper, murderer. His memories were of hunger, of hiding, of death.

The only thing in the world that Ishi truly and wholly feared was the white man. When he found himself in his enemy's power he expected to be scalped, shot, hanged or poisoned: he *knew* the white man's ways. His response was a contained passivity. He could and did remain quiet amidst the babel, crude curiosity and cruder fear that were exhibited around him as an ever-growing crowd gathered in the Oroville jail. Locked into the cell for the insane, he ignored so far as he could the succession of strangers who peered at him through the bars, using an incomprehensible speech, gesturing and pointing as at any caged beast. He could and did, starving though he was, refuse the presumably poisoned food and water that was offered him. The Sheriff then, in very pity, shut out the hysterical mob, allowing only the regular jail attendants to go to him. No violence was done him. He consented at last to eat and drink a little.

Then there came to his cell a different kind of white man. This one sat on the cot beside Ishi, drew a sheet of some sort from his pocket and, peering at the tiny birdfoot markings upon it, began

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to speak. The speech was odd, to be sure, but it nonetheless had some sounds approaching sense. The stranger even said *siwini,* pronouncing it badly but with knowledge of its meaning, for the wood of the cot was *siwini* and the speaker patted the wooden frame as he said the word. Ishi, too, studied the bird tracks. He could make nothing of them, but their magic was indubitable. If you knew how to use them as did this *Kuwi,* this Doctor who sat beside him, they plainly gave the power of Yana speech; not very good Yana, but understandable. After a fashion the *Kuwi* could answer questions put to him by Ishi so long as the questions were very, very simple. Ishi found himself exchanging words and information with another person. After the long, long moons of silence, he was engaged in conversation; he had found a friend! The friend was Professor T. T. Waterman, and the bird tracks, phonetic transcriptions of words from the northern dialect of Yana, gathered by the linguist Edward Sapir from two Yana or part-Yana Indians who had escaped the holocaust and were living as Wintu among other Wintu Indians.

In 1911 the expectation of most people was that not much good for Ishi or for science and history would come of taking him to the Museum to live; it was thought that Ishi was too childish, too primitive, too wild to learn civilized speech and to master civilized ways at even the simplest, lowest animal level. An informed guess in 1962 as to how Ishi did cope with the city, the jungle of steel and white people, might well be equally pessimistic, although it would adduce other reasons for Ishi's failure, such as early conditioning, the deteriorating effects of fifty years of social starvation, destruction of the personality under traumas of long-continued fear, frustration and life without hope, and the schizophrenia resulting from the great gap between the old known culture and the new.

That Ishi did not fulfill these negative expectations is a matter of history. Dozens of photographs and a respectable shelf of ethnographic and linguistic monographs, the results of the work of several scientists with Ishi, testify to an adjustment not only adequate and happy, but creative—except that he died untimely of one of civilization's gifts to him, tuberculosis.

Ishi learned to speak English, brokenly to be sure, but it was

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better than his friends' spoken Yana; he traveled alone in San Francisco and back and forth to Berkeley; he bought whatever he wanted, making change correctly; he was a useful paid assistant in the Museum; in short, he learned to conduct himself in the business of life as did other men. There were limits to his learning and to his experience. He did not learn to read, beyond common street signs and numbers. He was without wife and family in civilization as he had been in his own country. He had serious bouts with colds and pneumonias which meant days or weeks spent in bed, his activity curtailed but not the inner variety of his life or its essential social adjustment; for, beyond mastery of ordinary living in a modern city, Ishi made deeply impinging friendships with Waterman, Kroeber and Saxton Pope, the physician who cared for him during his illnesses and who learned from him to hunt with bow and arrow. The wild man was, then, like other men, although more enduring and patient than most and, as it happened, more lovable; he was exotic only in having crossed the time zone into the twentieth century with Stone Age experience and equipment.

For the past three years my commitment has been to tell Ishi's story. This task is done, but today, as I write, Ishi is much in my mind. The month-long annual season for deer hunting opened today here in northern California, and as the familiar hunting pattern commences its noisy repetition I compare it with Ishi's way of hunting. In both, a dead deer is the goal. Otherwise Ishi's objectives and means and our own could scarcely be more unlike.

The white man hunts today where Ishi and other hill Indians hunted in earlier times, in the foothills that rise on either side of the great interior valleys of California and in the coast ranges. These remain areas sparsely peopled, now as then, despite the ever-increasing populations in the valleys below, and along the coast. And today as in Ishi's yesterday the August grass is burned golden brown by months of hot sun unrelieved by summer rains; air and grass crackle with dryness, ready to explode into flame from the spark of a campfire, cigarette or match. For the most part the hills are posted against trespassing, and the only hunters will presumably be neighbors or parties sponsored by neighbors. Even so,

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here in the Napa valley for the past several days the usually empty road leading back into hill country has had a succession of trucks with trailers carrying camp equipment, food, even horses, saddles and food for the horses. Since midnight today there have been as many passenger cars as one would ordinarily see in a month.

One cannot be sure always that this eruption of men with guns is in fact confined to one's neighbors; upon occasion hunters surprise each other in a dangerous crossfire of shots, exchanged across the two sides of a draw or cañon. Red hats and shirts sometimes do not show up in the thick chaparral, and a nervous or trigger-happy visitor from the city may shoot when he sees brush stirring without waiting to make sure who or what is causing the movement.

Since first dawn the air has been ripped by the explosion of gunfire; baying of deerhounds and excited barking of strange dogs meeting in the brush add to the unsettlement. The owners of cattle and horses pastured in the hills will have chosen before today either to round up their stock and feed it for the season's duration, or to accept some losses when their animals are mistaken for deer. As for householders, adults and children, the usual freedom to wander afield alone and at will must be curtailed; walking up the road or across country will be done only in company and conspicuously enough for sure recognition.

If this season is like others, some hunters will not get their limit, despite the present overpopulation of deer which increase alarmingly year after year. Mountain lions, a deer's only natural enemy here except man, have been almost exterminated, and complicated regulations prevent farmers and vineyardists from protecting their crops against depredations of hungry deer during eleven months of the year. The hunters make a poor showing not because they are poor shots but because the bucks, who alone may be shot, are alerted by opening of cabins and club houses and begin to withdraw days or hours ahead of the hunters, retreating to the high waterless ridges for the duration.

By late afternoon hunting parties will begin to straggle in, some with only a tale of near misses and perhaps a rash of poison oak, others with their kill. The foothill deer is a small animal. (A full-grown buck will be less than half the weight of the mule deer,

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which is found here only in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and which is about the size of the deer of the eastern United States.) To watch one of our slim foothill bucks being butchered and divided amongst a half-dozen men, to go presumably to as many families, a modest little packet of joint, rump, rib or neck to each, is embarrassing in view of the excited, almost orgiastic quality of the preparations. As butchering is done with us, the dogs get most of a deer in the end, and a coyote or dog in all probability drags away the stiffening hide before anyone gets around to taking it to a tanner. The antlers usually are kept, however, and mounted as a trophy.

I do not mean to imply that the butchering is done unskillfully; but that it is done wastefully by any standards other than our own is the fact. Nor do I mean to say that there is no hunting code. There is, and the more experienced the hunter the stricter the code. And, depending upon the degree of interest, hunting lore, the mystique of the chase and reminiscences of "frontier days" become part of the hunting configuration.

The introduction of noise, confusion and fear is basic to our way of hunting. With the crash and crackling of brush from beaters on foot and hunters on horseback, the echoing hollow bark of hounds and the sharp report and reverberation of gun shots, the normal quiet of the hills is shattered; for the animal denizens, terror and disorganization seem to be all about.* It does not matter to us that we disrupt our wild life: we hunt for sport. The primitive hunt was a different matter, pursued for different ends and by other means, as an examination of how and why Ishi hunted will make manifest.

The Yana, Ishi's people, filled large baskets with dried salmon and charqui (dried venison) against the lean days of winter. As soon as the fall run of salmon had passed its peak, Ishi spent his days and often his nights also until winter drove him indoors, hunting, skinning and butchering deer, curing the hides, peeling off the invaluable long leg tendons, selecting and cleaning bones for chippers,

* Felix Salten in his children's book, *Bambi,* pictures the foolish and aberrant behavior of wild animals under stress of introduced noise and confusion. He, of course, anthropomorphizes what goes on in the minds of the fear-crazed birds and animals, but he is a good observer, noting entirely accurately that it is the partridges who "lose their heads" first, take to the open ground when they should remain hidden, and so bring nearer the total breakdown of the deer's instinctive, cautious behavior.

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awls and other tools, and drying and smoking the thin-cut slices of venison.

Because deer were the largest and most valuable animal ordinarily available to the Yana (they did not get bears except occasionally) they were of almost sacred importance, and every step in killing a deer and reducing it to food and leather and tools was surrounded with protocol and ritual. Before going out to hunt, Ishi would have purified himself through prayer and song and sweat bath; he would also have taken pains to pass the several nights preceding the hunt in the men's house if there were one; in any case he would have kept himself and his bow, which was highly subject to pollution, from contact with any woman whether a relative or not, a woman's touch or proximity being potentially so inimical as to prevent his getting any deer at all. As an extra precaution he would have refrained from smoking for at least the three previous days, the odor of tobacco being most offensive to deer. He would wear only a breechclout. Over the right shoulder and hanging down behind would be his otterskin quiver with bow and arrows, while tucked under the left armpit would be two or three extra arrows ready for instant use. His only other gear would be a knife thrust between the leather thongs holding his breechclout, and a decoy. Arrow points and knife would be of obsidian and, like bow and arrows, of his own manufacture.

His custom was to leave the sweat house at first dawn without having eaten or drunk since the night before. His last act upon leaving would be to rinse his mouth with clean water that he might be as nearly as possible odorless. He would neither eat nor drink until the day's hunt was over. He would move over the familiar ground toward a meadow or clearing that he knew to be frequented by game, setting a steady but not fast pace. Barefoot, he made no noise on loose rocks, through dry brush or crossing creeks. The direction of his approach depended upon the wind: he invariably posted himself downwind from his prey, for it was his business to be aware of the presence of game before any bird or animal was alerted to him. If he heard, smelled or saw an animal, even a rabbit, he went no further but established himself behind or within a clump of bushes or small trees, or behind a boulder or large tree.

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His principle was never to look for larger game or for a particular buck or doe but to settle for the first animal that presented itself, since his purpose was to bring the game to himself. Hidden, he might imitate a baby rabbit in distress or he might make the whimpering cry of a fawn looking for its mother, or if he glimpsed a deer he might put on the decoy, a stuffed deer's head, and bob it up and down in imitation of a deer looking around and nibbling leaves. Before long he would have an interested audience. Dr. Pope was reminded of a Pied Piper the first time he watched Ishi charm out of hiding squirrels, rabbits, birds, deer. Frequently his audience would include a fox or two and sometimes a bear, a guest Ishi did not relish if he was hunting alone. Patiently Ishi would lure the animals nearer, keeping at his playacting until they, especially the deer, were far more curious than suspicious. Ishi was accustomed to shoot his short hunting bow from a crouch, a half-crouch or standing; he would in any case shoot without changing position. If he missed, he had a second and, if needed, a third arrow ready in his armpit. A deer will let at least two arrows pass close without becoming suspicious; one may pass between the antlers with no more apparent threat than a bird's flight; even if he saw it whizz by, the feathered quiver would not too much startle an adult buck.

When the arrow hit its mark, it completed the act silently; neither victim nor woodland witness knew "what had hit him." And when Ishi came out of hiding, to deliver the *coup de grâce* by knife thrust if the fallen deer were not already dead, and to retrieve his spent arrows, he appeared as a familiar denizen of brush and trees, and the kill no different from that made by a mountain lion or a bear. The audience withdrew prudently within the cover of the brush, wary but not alarmed as it was when a foreign sound or smell assailed the senses. Nonpredators were accustomed to live and share their territory willy-nilly with predators of which man, Indian man, was one, as expectable as mountain lion and as dangerous, no more no less.

Whatever could be learned by devoted and accurate observation Ishi knew about the countryside, its plants and animals; upon this knowledge rested his every move when hunting, harpooning, trapping, snaring or netting. His repertory of imitations was fairly

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simple but effective. Apparently he used it to arouse interest and curiosity as much as to create illusion. The rabbit and fawn and quail calls and some few others were close to their originals, they were "real"; the deer decoy in all likelihood looked no more real to a live deer than it does to us, but it was familiar enough not to terrify and different enough to intrigue. So it was with most of Ishi's bird calls and other disguises: they pretended to no more than imitation and invention within a frame of expectability. Hunters with camera instead of gun in Africa are surprised to discover how curious animals are in the natural state, how easily their interest is engaged, and how frequently those of different orders cross paths, meet at water holes, in the bush or in the open. It is not that they are participating in a deliberate gregariousness; there is rather a knowledgeable tolerance, a sense of when to mingle and when not. These are the sorts of facts that Ishi knew and utilized, but that a hunter with a gun has little opportunity to observe or to benefit from.

It was precisely in the replacement of the bow with firearms that the old hunting patterns fell apart. We know that in the fifteenth century battles were fought with firearms that first supplemented the longbow and then replaced it, thereby changing the scope, social role and impact of soldiering, fighting and war for the Western world and finally for the whole world. We do not know who was the first hunter to use a blunderbuss or primitive flintlock when hunting. Whoever he was, he exploded a custom of hunting with the bow and arrow that had existed from Paleolithic times, and so destroyed the silence of the forests and the ancient and stable perspective from which man and the other animals saw one another. The Indians of the Americas used the bow until the Caucasian invasions of the sixteenth century, and the Yana and other Indians who were untouched by the Spanish incursion into California continued to use the bow until the 1850's. Life for the Yana was reduced to famine economy within months of the coming of the forty-niners through their land. Game became irretrievably gun-shy and man-shy even though it was many years before white men actually took up permanent residence there.

Culture historians have long known that whereas one trait or

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complex of traits will "pass" from its culture of origin to a foreign one, be adopted and become naturalized to the new environment without distortion to itself and without being the cause of conflict or displacement in its adoptive home, other traits carry the seeds of revolutionary change. Firearms are obviously of this latter sort: implacable, insistent, terrifying, unadaptive. No people has taken to itself guns and arms without undergoing profound change of face, direction and values. The Chinese who invented gunpowder were shrewd enough for many generations after to confine their use of it to the making of fireworks. It is when gunpowder is put to efficient use in firearms that it becomes so irresistible a culture force.

Recognition that some elements are adaptive and others non-adaptive in transplantation gives the culture historian no sure predictive knowledge concerning the role of any particular element or complex of elements. We say "hunting and fishing" in the same breath, tending to think of them as aspects of a single activity; indeed, streamside fishing is as much a sport with us, and was as serious a pursuit with Ishi, as hunting. Its course through the past into the present nonetheless makes it a perfect example of a totally adaptive culture complex. The hand harpoon with toggles, the weir, the dip net, and the casting line, lure, sinker and float come down to us from our remotest human history unchanged in essential form, purpose and climate of use. Any reasonably patient fisherman—and what fisherman is not patient?—could today substitute Ishi's fishing tackle for his own and bring in a normal day's catch of salmon or trout. It is the solitary man or boy whipping a stream for trout or waiting motionless, harpoon poised, for his salmon to come by, who is truly achieving the regression into his own primitive but living past that eludes the man with a gun. (It should perhaps be remarked here that each year sees an increasing number of bowmen reliving their past during a preseason period, usually of only a few days duration, when they may pursue with bow and arrow, and bring down if their skill suffices deer, quail, pheasants and doves.)

Unlike fishing tackle, which is seen to move through time and space little modified or modifying, matches would appear to be as

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potent a force for change as firearms. And so they are in one sense: neither Ishi nor any person having at his disposal only the fire drill for making fire would dream of clinging to the old way if the new became available to him. But flint and steel have replaced the fire drill to be themselves replaced with matches, all without other impingement on new environments. The match changes only the technique of getting the first spark. Time and the labor of drilling are saved, but the same sort of fire is lit to be put to the same uses, to cook on and for warmth and sociability. Also, matches and tinder must be similarly cared for since neither will give a spark when damp.

Ishi delighted to use matches, which he rated amongst the white man's most important inventions along with the wheel, whose versatile applications won his total respect. He took to the tools in a well-stocked carpenter's chest with ease and skill, he learned to use expertly the English longbow, to play a fair game of baseball and to sit a horse. But he hunted only on his own terms—those of his bow and the Yana code. He took no part in "our" hunts; he refused so much as to touch a gun, much less to shoot one.

Ishi died in 1916 during World War One, before the modern world of 1962 was more than a shadow of a cloud on the horizon, its mushroom form yet shrouded.

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On a February Thaw

ALAN DUGAN

The air is busy with
the perfidy and treasures of a February thaw.
It ruffles New England with its odorous deviltry
and brings such scallions of gossip
over miles to change my stone face
that I am active grass, trees tricked into bud
and water lively underground.
Undone by the warmest of lies,
I should shout, Sweet,
this spring is false, and those
who don't stand purely against it,
devoted to the properer spring,
might dance a one day April all day long
but catch it cold tonight
out naked in their smiles
when Puritans of frost blow in. But
I am accompliced while the air,
like one of Cotton Mather's girls,
tangles my hair in what could be my ruin.
Oh how I envy those devouts
who make their witchery their chance
and put out, with their biddable shoots,
forsythias of strength! It bows them past
the cautionary storms of March
and brings their blooming on,
bold with the wisdom in this lie,
to azalean peaks of Antinomian spring!,
before the graceless rest of us begin.

✪ ALAN DUGAN this spring received the National Book Award in poetry for his first volume, *Poems,* which was published last year in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. The *Poems* also received the 1962 Pulitzer prize for poetry.

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ON THE MUSICAL SCENE

With a Bing and a Whimper

GEORGE STEINER

The fact that the Metropolitan could have its season this year has made little difference to those who care for modern music and for the treatment of opera as a complex and serious art. This is a shocking statement. But more shocking is the fact that under the Bing regime the Met has become one of the dullest and least enterprising of major opera houses.

The last forty years have marked a brilliant experimental period in operatic history. Opera has reacted against and mastered to its own use serial music, the film, novel modes of sound. As if in protest against the inhumanities of our technology and politics, the human voice has reasserted itself as the eminent carrier of musical intent. Above all, opera has broken out of the sphere of myth and romance to engage the major intellectual energies and the emotions of the age. There is hardly a domain or topic in modern life to which operatic composers have not turned in order to make of opera what it must be—a living fusion of serious music and serious drama.

European opera houses have risen to the occasion. At a rough count, twenty new operas have been produced in western Europe over the past three years. The range of style is immense. It includes grand operas in the lyric and romantic vein such as Benjamin Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Hans Werner Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers,* an opera set to an intricate, modish libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallmann. It includes Francis Burt's *Volpone* and Nicolas Nabokov's *The Holy Devil,* a highly dramatic reading of the death of Rasputin. At the same time, European houses have presented some of the wildest and most demanding of modern scores. Karl Birger Blomdahl's *Aniara,* an opera enacted in a spaceship to an apocalyptic background of electronic music, has had some fifty performances since its *première* in 1959. Last summer a new opera by Luigi Nono, radical both in musical technique and political content, touched off riots in Venice. Audiences in Berlin have seen an "anti-opera" during most of which the singers remained grimly mute.

But an operatic tradition cannot be built on *premières* and riots. It demands the maintenance of new works in the normal repertoire. As in all art, enjoyment comes of habit. Here again European opera companies have played a signal role. Britten's *Rape of Lucretia,* Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress* and *Oedipus Rex,* Alban Berg's *Wozzeck,* Hindemith's cumbersome but often moving *Mathis der Maler* are being brought into the current repertoire of opera houses

✪ GEORGE STEINER, writer and critic, is at present fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge. His first book, *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (1959), was written while he was a fellow at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton. His second book, *The Death of Tragedy,* was published in 1961. Mr. Steiner has taught literature in various universities in the United States and abroad. In 1960 he gave the Christian Gauss Lectures in criticism at Princeton University.

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as diverse in management and financial means as Belgrade and Hamburg, Covent Garden and Zurich.

To the claims and triumphs of modern opera the Met has been serenely immune. What very few modern works it produces are offered with a mixture of coyness and self-righteous fanfare. *The Rake's Progress* carried the cachet of an immense and nearly "classic" reputation. *Vanessa* is a piece of pale Victoriana that has scarcely anything in common with what is alive in contemporary music. Indeed, in its whole repertoire, stage designs and attitude toward the general public, the Met is one of the last bastions of the Victorian era. It is dedicated to the proposition that *Lucia, La Traviata, Carmen, La Bohème* and *Lohengrin* have set natural and enduring frontiers for all opera. Richard Strauss has right of entry, but not where he is in many respects most audacious, in *The Woman Without a Shadow*. Nearly all that is of commanding stature in twentieth-century opera is barred, but flimflam such as *Die Fledermaus* and *The Tales of Hoffman* is presented with pious delight.

In defense of its reactionary stand, the administration of the Met habitually resorts to two arguments. We are told that opera depends on and must mirror the taste of its patrons. These, it is asserted, have made it plain that they do not enjoy modern or experimental works and that they will give their support only to the classic repertoire. Is this true? The production of *Wozzeck* (which seems to have been due to the tenacious nagging of the late Dmitri Mitropoulos) was a resounding box-office success. Each time the opera was given the house was packed.

But let us suppose for a moment that Mr. Bing is right in the dim view he takes of the capacities of his audience. Surely it is the duty of an institution such as the Met to take the lead. When they do their job properly, museums, theaters, symphony orchestras and opera houses are among the vanguard and educators of a community. Taste and range of enjoyment are not a matter of course; they are trained by challenge and gradual familiarity. The safe classic of today is the pioneering outrage of yesterday. Had managers and conductors not sustained *Don Giovanni, Carmen,* the operas of Wagner and Strauss's *Salome* against the initial apathy or revulsion of the public, these works might not have survived. The conservatism of the present feeds on the boldness of the past.

The second principal argument put forward by the Met is economic. The ferocious cost of operatic production, the need for expensive stars on the roster, the prohibitive budget of long rehearsal (seventy sessions were thought inadequate before the *première* of *Tristan!*) compel a privately financed house such as the Met to take as few risks as possible. The classics and popular favorites offer a secure return on investment; no money is lost on *Aïda* or *Rigoletto,* on *Faust* or the *Meistersinger.* If a new production is to be ventured, let it be of a "safe" opera such as *Don Carlo* or *Hernani.* To spend the massive sums required for the presentation of an *avant-garde* score when there may be a box-office failure is to take too grave a risk.

Here Mr. Bing is on strong ground. In this era of constant inflation, the bookkeeping of a privately sustained opera company must be nightmarish. The Met's losses during the 1960-61 season amounted to some $840,000. Yet again, the argument is by no means so conclusive as Mr. Bing implies. The Met does in fact find money for new productions of conventional operas such as Verdi's *Nabucco* and Puccini's *Turandot.* Mounted with the garish opulence of a Radio City Easter pageant, the latter must have been one of the costliest affairs in recent Met history. But special patronage was forthcoming. Could not such help be solicited for works of a more recent or musically more significant nature? Where is the fault, in the timidity of the angels or in the unwillingness of the Met to direct their enthusiasm and generosity toward more audacious goals?

That is the crux of the matter. Why should San Francisco, for its production of Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmélites,* or the City Center, for its stirring presentation of Dallapiccola's *Il Prigioniero,* be able to

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muster the kind of backing that the Met seems unable or unwilling to draw on? Could it be that Mr. Bing regards his house as a cozy shrine of past glory rather than as an institution responsible to the present life of music?

Such responsibility would entail the inclusion in the repertoire of a number of modern works of unquestionable stature. The operas of Britten have moved beyond the stage of promise or experiment, yet the Metropolitan has presented none since *Peter Grimes!* Janáček's *From the House of the Dead,* a dramatization of Dostoevski composed in 1928, is clearly a masterpiece. So is Alban Berg's *Lulu.* A serious opera house would seek to give a hearing to Hindemith's *Cardillac,* to Ernst Krěnek's *Charles V,* to Walton's *Troilus and Cressida* and to the operas of Prokofiev. In the vein of ribald or sinister fun it would go not only to Offenbach but to Kurt Weill's superb *The Rise and Fall of the City Mahagonny.* Above all, it would give pride of place and performance to Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron.*

Since its radio *première* in 1954, *Moses und Aron* has been recognized as one of the supreme achievements of modern art. Like the paintings of Picasso or Joyce's *Ulysses* it incarnates with peculiar authority and completeness the forces and shapes of modern consciousness. A marvel of musical organization, *Moses und Aron* has a libretto of tremendous power and universality and is rich in operatic and choreographic occasion. There can be little doubt that *Moses und Aron* represents the most important advance in the range and formal resources of music drama since *Tristan.* Its progress through Europe has been triumphal. Mr. Bing is said to admire the work. When will it get a hearing at the Met?

Opera is, almost by definition, a national institution. Wherever possible, therefore, the Met should attend to what is best in American music. Here again, it has shown an unfailingly timid hand. It is something of a scandal that Roger Sessions' long-awaited *Montezuma* (now nearing completion) should have to be produced abroad.

There is probably only one answer to this impasse. No less than museums or universities, opera houses have to be subsidized. They cannot live by the conservative grace and bounty of the moneyed few. If Holland can support productions of *Lulu* and Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini,* if Germany can produce in one season new operas as diverse and exacting as Orff's *Oedipus der Tyrann* and Henze's *Elegy,* if Covent Garden can give Britten the audience and staging his music deserves, the reason is that European governments regard opera as an important and prestigious element of national life. They do not expect their opera houses to break even or to show a profit. Is it not time we did the same?

But subsidies are not enough. Money can be used to produce *Moses und Aron* or to refurbish a stale piece of tinsel such as *Martha*—as was done at the Met. More important than public funds is a new vision of the role of opera in the art and thought of the community. So long as opera is regarded primarily as a setting for the entertainment and social display of those whose musical taste is most lazy and conservative, state subsidies would not make much difference. What must be rethought are the values governing the choice of repertoire and the style of production. The Met must advance into the twentieth century, into the era of Schoenberg and of Wieland Wagner's stage designs, if it is to be taken seriously as a force in cultural life.

The time for polemic and revaluation is now—before the Lincoln Center is an established bureaucratic fact. If the Met persists in lagging behind the life of music and the capacity of its audience, the move to a new house will signify merely that the red plush has been carted uptown.

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Music Criticism and Scholarship

B. H. HAGGIN

In 1938 Paul Henry Lang, professor of musicology at Columbia University, published in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR an article, "Ecce Criticus," in which he contended that newspaper criticism of music offered "a thick tangle of prejudices, inherited formulas and catchwords, a prodigious lack of information, and an unbelievable ignorance of musical literature," and that the public would get the guidance it needed only when newspapers would have musical scholars writing for them instead of ignorant journalists. He repeated these contentions at the symposium on music criticism at Harvard University in 1947; and he was answered in the *Nation* by Henry David Aiken of Harvard's department of philosophy, who wrote in a review of the published addresses that Lang's

> diatribe against the 'musical journalist' is a nearly perfect instance of the failure to distinguish between understanding of music and knowledge about music, which is the besetting vice of so many academic music historians. That the level of a great deal of contemporary musical journalism is pitiably low is no secret. But the cure for this is not more historical erudition, but a more intense and sensitive devotion to the felt quality of music. . . . Lang's position . . . is typical of the historicist for whom real understanding of works of art is achieved, not by attending to what one directly hears and feels in them, but rather by learning about the 'soil and surroundings they grew from. . . .' The interests of music are not well served by learned minds for whom the 'central aesthetic quest' is merely an incident in the history of human culture. These interests are far better served by such 'journalists' as Virgil Thomson, for whom the experience of music is the cardinal musical fact.

The phrase "central aesthetic quest" was E. M. Forster's: he had used it in his own address at the Harvard symposium to make the same point as Aiken in his own fashion. Concerning the aims of criticism in dealing with the work of art Forster had said: "The first and the more important is aesthetic. It considers the object in itself, as an entity, and tells us what it can about its life. The second aim is subsidiary: the relation of the object to the rest of the world." This meant consideration of "the conditions under which the work of art was composed, the influences which formed it (criticism adores influences), the influence it has exercised on subsequent works, prenatal possibilities. . . ." And Forster had contended that when criticism strayed "from [its] central aesthetic quest to influences and psychological and historical considerations" it was no longer in contact with the work of art.

According to Aiken and Forster, then, the critic's *perception of* the work of art and the scholar's *knowledge about* it are differ-

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ent things. It is true that both may occur in the writing of one person, but not because they are related. When E. J. Dent, in his book on Mozart's operas, in addition to offering a large amount of valuable historical material about the operas, makes one of the most perceptive observations about Mozart's other works that has ever been made: "The theatre is the sphere in which Mozart is most completely himself; his concert works—concertos, symphonies, quartets, and sonatas—are all fundamentally evocations of the theatre," he does this by virtue not of a scholar's knowledge of history but of a critic's close contact with those works of Mozart and perception of their "felt quality." And Dent is one of the exceptions: ordinarily it is one thing or the other. Great critics like Berlioz, Bernard Shaw and W. J. Turner have had the critic's perception without the scholar's knowledge; and as for the reverse, let us consider the actual performances of two of the scholars, Lang himself and the late Alfred Einstein, as writers on music for the general public.

Some years ago a student at the University of North Carolina, who had both the critic's perception and the scholar's knowledge, wrote me about an experience involving Lang's statement in *Music in Western Civilization* that "many, if not the majority, of Gesualdo's madrigals must . . . be considered closet madrigals, because their frightful, ragged, unvocal writing makes their performance by a vocal ensemble well-nigh impossible," and Einstein's statement in his *Short History of Music* about Gesualdo's "chromaticism which . . . was to lead to extremes of daring—but not based upon clear harmonic perception and hence not fully absorbed by the main stream of development." This was still before the advent of long-playing records, and at a time when—except in the rare instance where a copy of the Gesualdo record in *L'Anthologie Sonore* or the one in *2,000 Years of Music* was available for the history and appreciation course—all that the students in this course knew about Gesualdo was the sentence or two jotted down next to his name in the notes taken at a lecture or made of outside reading. As a result, they hadn't heard a note of the actual music but they knew from Lang about Gesualdo's unvocal writing and from Einstein about his extreme chromaticism; and that was what they wrote on their examination papers in answer to the question, "Discuss the following: (a) Gesualdo." My young correspondent, however, had gone to the printed scores of the madrigals, and reported his findings: "Gesualdo's chromaticism was not based on the major-minor, tonic-dominant relationships which ultimately prevailed: why should it have been? But to claim that it is not based on clear harmonic perception is to deny the evidence of one's ears: in every example I have been able to run down it always comes off—provided one is not so hog-tied by tonic-dominant prejudice that one can't hear it for what it is." Moreover, "all this colorful patter about 'frightful, ragged, unvocal writing' is a fabrication which an examination of the madrigals disproves in a moment: I have found in them a rare augmented fourth, and occasionally a diminished fifth—which even sight-singing students are taught to sing, and which constitute the 'frightful, ragged, unvocal writing.'" In addition, my correspondent had looked up Gesualdo in the Grove *Dictionary* of that period and discovered that "the ten volumes of Gesualdo's works went through not less than twenty-five different editions between 1594 and 1626," which led him to observe: "That they are hard to sing cannot be doubted; that they are possible to sing is quite as obvious; that Gesualdo's contemporaries sang them is fully demonstrated by the bibliographical record." Not only, then, had Lang and Einstein been unable to hear the music for what it was, and thus shown themselves to be in this instance poor critics, but Lang had made his statement in ignorance or disregard of the bibliographical record, and thus shown himself to be in this instance a poor scholar.

That, as I said, was before LP records; since then a half-dozen such records have appeared with performances of a large number of Gesualdo's madrigals. These have enabled us to hear that the harmonic progressions that sound strange and daring

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to ears accustomed to our major-minor, tonic-dominant relations invariably make a harmonic sense of their own to ears that can free themselves from major-minor, tonic-dominant prejudice; they have enabled us to hear also that Gesualdo wrote some of the most remarkable, powerful and affecting pieces in the musical literature; and they have provided additional evidence that his madrigals can be sung. But even these recorded performances have not kept Lang from writing in a recent *New York Herald Tribune* article that the music attempts to render "every whim and fleeting emotion . . . in harmonies never before heard, in an exaggerated chromaticism"; that as a result it is "often bizarre and almost senseless, and when in that mood goes far beyond the confines of the madrigal: it can no longer be sung." Again we find not only that Lang is unable to attend to the music he is concerned with and hear it for what it is, but that he speaks with ignorance or disregard of the evidence of the twenty-five editions of Gesualdo's music in his own day, and disregard of the evidence of the recorded performances of today—the result being statements that have misled his readers about the music.

Einstein in Germany reviewed musical events for a Berlin newspaper; but in this country the general public knows him through his books: the *Short History of Music, Greatness in Music, Mozart: His Character, His Work, Music in the Romantic Era.* And these show the scholar to be without the critic's perception. Thus, a few years before my North Carolina correspondent wrote me about the Gesualdo statement, I noted the statements about Berlioz in the *Short History* that showed Einstein to be no more able to hear Berlioz's music for what it was than Gesualdo's. According to Einstein, "the full orchestra was [Berlioz's] principal medium; only very occasionally did he handle smaller musical forces, preoccupied as he was with extreme and gigantic aims"—the implication, entirely incorrect, being that the full orchestra could be, and was for Berlioz, the medium only for extreme and gigantic aims. And Berlioz "forged anew the poetry of *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet* to his own ends, and monstrous works came forth, half oratorio, half symphony, half lyrical and half dramatic, all blazing with color." From all of which it was evident that Einstein was not reporting what was actually to be heard in the exquisite writing of much of Berlioz's *Faust* and *Romeo,* but merely restating the old colorful legends—the "inherited formulas and catchwords"—about Berlioz in new colorful language.

As for the best-known *Mozart,* in his review of the book Virgil Thomson remarked on "the author's assumption that his undoubted familiarity with the facts of Mozart's life, including his working habits, gives him automatically a true insight into the meaning of Mozart's works." Thomson then cited, as typical, this statement: "And the Little Sonata in B flat major (K. 570), dating from February, 1789—perhaps the most completely rounded of them all, the ideal of his piano sonata—also contains counterpoint used humorously in the finale as if in open reference to the secrets of which the work is full." And Thomson commented that he found Einstein, in this pontifical obscurity, more secretive than the piece he was talking about. The book is full of similar statements that tell us as little about other works: we get the same flowery chitchat about the Piano Concerto K. 595, for example, but nothing about the exciting happenings that constitute the life a critic would perceive in the development of the first movement. The critic concerned with such life would speak of the musically climactic moment in *The Marriage of Figaro,* the *"Contessa, perdono"* passage, with its sublimity from which we are eased down to earth again by the solemn octaves of the strings below distant wind chords. But the scholar has nothing to say about it; he is concerned instead with the fact that "in Susanna there is a bit of Columbine left, in Figaro of Arlecchino; that Don Bartolo and Marcellina are pure *buffo* figures. But the Countess? The Count? Cherubino? The tiny roles of Barberina and her father, the gardener Antonio? It took courage to see the *opera buffa* possibilities in this work and to realize them—courage that Mozart and da

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Ponte can have gathered only from pieces like those of Bertati and Casti." The critic would speak of what makes the minuet movement of the String Quintet K. 515 extraordinary—the somber strangeness of the Minuet and the first part of the Trio, the violent intensities of the amazingly dissonant middle part of the Trio; but all that the scholar finds to speak of is that the movement "is more of a *tempo di minuetto,* with a Trio in the subdominant, which itself grows into complete song-form."

Moreover, in view of the contention that the scholar's information is essential to the proper guidance of the public, it should be noted that what this scholar gave the public included misinformation. Speculating in his book on the possible model for Mozart's first string quintet, which was written in Salzburg in 1773, Einstein refers to Boccherini, "the fame of whose quintets began to spread through the world in the late 1760's. Boccherini cannot have been wholly unknown to Mozart even as early as 1770, and perhaps his influence had something to do with Mozart's later, Vienna quintets." And concerning these quintets with two violas Einstein remarks in parentheses: "It may be mentioned in passing that Boccherini himself apparently did not write quintets for any other combination of strings: he does indeed call the second viola 'alto violoncello,' but its part is notated in the viola clef throughout and is almost unplayable on the violoncello."

It was my North Carolina correspondent who characterized all this as error, typical in "the bland serenity of its assertion as it nestles within the aura of a mighty reputation quietly defying correction." The reputation, he might have added, also made unnecessary a statement of the evidence on which Einstein's observations presumably were based, such as autograph manuscripts or published editions, which Einstein saw himself or learned of from an authoritative source—for example, the book of Picquot, *Notice sur la vie et les ouvrages de Luigi Boccherini,* in which its author collected all the available documentary material about Boccherini, including Boccherini's own autograph catalogue. But it appears that Einstein did not derive his observations from such evidence; for the autograph catalogue, said my correspondent, gives the date of composition of Boccherini's first set of quintets as 1771, and the 1930 edition of Picquot's book gives the date of publication of this set as 1774, and so they couldn't have been famous in the late 1760's and known to Mozart in 1770. "I cannot boast," says Einstein, "that I know all of Boccherini's 113 quintets," giving us to understand in this way that he knows as many as would entitle a scholar to speak. But Picquot, writing with knowledge of 112 of the 113, describes them constantly as works for two cellos and quotes similar descriptions of them in the autograph catalogue and on the title pages of the early editions. And here we come to an interesting fact: the Paris firm of Janet et Cotelle published in 1828 an edition of ninty-three of the quintets whose title page describes them as "Quintets of Boccherini for two violins, viola and two cellos" but adds that "the part of first violoncello can be replaced by an alto violoncello"; and with the five original parts the edition provides an additional alternate part for the "alto violoncello," which is to be found in no other edition mentioned by Picquot and is merely an arrangement of the first cello part for viola (hence the viola clef throughout) which the publisher caused to be made so that the edition would be useful and salable to more people. (My North Carolina correspondent's brother, a professional cellist, assured him that the original first cello part was entirely playable on the cello.) Evidently Einstein happened to encounter a copy of this particular edition with only the alternate part for viola; and on this he based his statement that the Boccherini quintets were not for two cellos but for two violas.

And we might take note of what followed. Einstein's book with the incorrect statement about Boccherini's quintets appeared in 1945; in 1948 Ulrich referred to the statement in his book on chamber music; a few years ago Columbia Records quoted the passage from Einstein's book on the envelopes of the Budapest Quartet's recordings of Mozart's quintets; as a result the record re-

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viewers have referred knowingly to Boccherini's quintets as really for two violas. And this proliferation will continue, so that for years to come increasing numbers of people will have been misled by Einstein into believing something about Boccherini's quintets that is not true.

Nor is the statement about the growing fame of those quintets in the 1760's the only instance of Einstein's speaking with easy assurance without the supporting evidence that his assurance presumes. Numerous other statements seem to represent a belief on his part that his having operated with rigorous correlation of statement and evidence in some area of musical scholarship gave him the privilege to operate thereafter without the constraint of this rigorous procedure, but nevertheless with an authority that carried over from the rigorous to the unrigorous operation. Actually, writing informally for the general public rather than formally for scholars, he writes not only, as he says, "with no learned annotations," but with his scholar's discipline relaxed below the requirements even of informal intellectual activity—the requirement of sufficient evidence for a statement even without the learned annotation regarding its source, and the requirement of mere order in succession of statements. In *Greatness in Music* the scholar, writing informally out of the riches of his scholarship, his reading, his philosophical meditations, takes the informality of the occasion as an excuse for shirking the burdensome obligation to integrate the material of each chapter into a clear and coherent progression, the chapters into a unified treatment of the book's subject, and for producing instead a number of causeries such as are given on the lecture circuit—each with an impressive rather than descriptive title, and each a confused clutter to impress minds as pretentious and confused as Einstein's own.

The book on Mozart has more of this clutter of pontifical generalizations and tangential allusions displaying the extensiveness of Einstein's background of knowledge and culture, and also statements that are mere assertion not based on any evidence. An example is the passage about Mozart's independence in regard to the new currents that heralded the approach of the nineteenth century, the period of Romanticism whose full flowering he might well have lived to witness. Anything that belonged simply to change or transition did not concern him. He was completely a child of the eighteenth century, perhaps, but also of the twentieth; which is another way of saying that he belonged to the eternity of art, and was in no sense a 'forerunner.' Beethoven found a great deal in Haydn that he could take as a point of departure, but very little in Mozart. How should one try to continue Mozart's work? It was possible to strive for perfection on another level, and perhaps even to achieve it; but Mozart's perfection could not be surpassed on its own level. With Haydn, on the other hand, one could in many respects compete on his own terms. Now, Mozart lived in the middle of the period of *Sturm und Drang*, the age of 'sensibility,' the age of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Mozart never mentions Rousseau, although he composed a *Singspiel* on Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, and he must have heard Rousseau's name often enough in Paris. Presumably he would have had no use for the philosopher and musical amateur of Geneva, whose call 'Back to Nature' would have meant very little to him. Mozart was on the side of Voltaire, in spite of the ill-tempered words he pronounced upon the sage of Ferney as an obituary. Voltaire, too, belongs to the eighteenth century and to eternity; and he has the same power of dry and pitiless observation, the same irony, the same fierce satire, and the same profound fatalism. Between *Candide* and the G minor Symphony there is a real kinship.

I find in all this no continuity of thought; I hear in the G-minor no kinship with *Candide*; I know no evidence that Mozart was on the side of Voltaire and didn't mean what he wrote about his death.

Nor do I know any evidence for Einstein's statement that Mozart's "deep intuition pierced the cultural tendencies of his time." Indeed, Einstein's mind being as confused as it is, he adds immediately, with no awareness of largely contradicting what he has just said, that "although he had no eye for . . . architecture, sculpture, or painting, he had as a dramatist the finest sense of poetry, both lyric and dramatic." And as evidence that "he must have read a great deal," Ein-

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stein describes his library; but it turns out that "whether he actually read all this, nobody knows." However, "we do know that he read Metastasio and Gellert. He also knew Fénélon's *Télémaque* and Tasso's *Aminta;* he found amusement in the tales of *The Thousand and One Nights;* and above all he knew a large part of the boundless Italian libretto literature." In the end Einstein appears to have evidence for a limited statement about what Mozart read, but none for his statement about Mozart's deep intuition into the cultural tendencies of his time.

After all this it is not surprising to find that Einstein was not always rigorous in his scholarly work. A friend told me of being taken to see the manuscript of *Don Giovanni* at the Paris Conservatory by a composer who showed him important changes made by Mozart that Einstein failed to include in his list of such changes in his edition of the work.

As for Lang, his first Sunday article for the *New York Herald Tribune* in 1954 was a new rewriting of his old attack on the big orchestra, concerned with our continuing "bondage to the times when artists shed their tears before a mirror, gloried in their sorrows in stentorian tones that shook the decor, were possessed of pathos to overflowing, and in their simulated anger slashed the air with tin swords, whereupon the scared bourgeois had to be humored and reassured with bonbons. . . . As we push toward the new century, the twentieth, the gestures become even more expansive, the passions more violent, the colors more intense. . . ." This appallingly conceived and phrased stuff was, as I have said, a new restatement of an old position: in "Ecce Criticus" Lang had accused the critics of encouraging "the worship of the big, the long, the ponderous, and the loud" that was a product of the Romantic period. "The musicians of the last century, from Berlioz to Strauss . . . expressed their thoughts by large gestures and used a complicated, at times even enormous, technical apparatus. . . . Today we wonder why musicians of judgment were captivated by orchestral scores which when dispossessed of their tremendous orchestral ornaments show an astonishingly meager invention and vague construction." In this period Brahms was for Lang "the lonely retrospective musician who was trying to save the glory of classical art in a world engulfed in the dramatic frenzy of the Neo-German school"; and his First Symphony was "a work of great merit and beauty, especially great on account of its noble tone, in its hysterical environment."

A perceptive English critic, Martin Cooper, observed that "if you really listen to Berlioz's music, really follow it . . . it is perfectly coherent and alive with the most astonishing vitality"; "for all the richness of his palette . . . Berlioz is not a sensualist"; the four brass bands and eighteen kettledrums of the *Tuba mirum* of the Requiem "are used by a mind so completely in the grip of a poetic idea, so absolutely alien to all exploitation of sound for its own sake (the sensualist's music), that the listener's soul and not his nerves are affected." And I would say that someone who really listened to what was to be heard on the one hand in Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* and *Harold in Italy,* which don't use the extra brass bands and drums of the Requiem but only the normal symphonic orchestra, and on the other hand in Brahms's concertos and First Symphony—such a person would have to write that Berlioz used a large orchestra with economy and finesse, whereas Brahms used it to achieve "the big, the ponderous and the loud," and that the orchestral coloring in Berlioz's writing added to the effectiveness of an invention that was distinguished even without the coloring. But Lang was not such a person: he was no more able to hear Berlioz's and Brahms's music for what they were than he was able to hear Gesualdo's; and he merely repeated the "isherited formulas and catchwords" about them.

The worship of "the big, the ponderous and the loud," said Lang in "Ecce Criticus," made the public "oblivious of the fundamental approach to an understanding of music—the road of intimate choral music, chamber music, piano music, and songs," performed in the home, as they were origi-

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nally in past centuries, and not transferred to "a huge auditorium" where the songs were "bellowed . . . by an operatic prima donna intent on bringing down the house," and where music that was originally something people "literally lived with" and "a most personal experience" became instead something "we face . . . as exhibition." Here the scholar was using history not for the public's guidance but for its deprivation. The historical fact that the madrigal for a few voices preceded in time the symphony for large orchestra doesn't make the madrigal rather than the symphony the "fundamental" approach to music (any more than the line drawing rather than the oil painting is the fundamental approach to pictorial art). Nor does the historical fact that a Mozart quartet or a Purcell song was heard originally in a small room mean that it must not be heard today by those who have to hear it in a concert hall (any more than a painting which the original owner lived with in a room of his palace must not be looked at today by those who have to see it in a room of a museum). Nor does the fact that it provided "a most personal experience" for someone who heard it in the room mean that it does not provide such an experience for the person who hears it in the concert hall. And the distorted performances in "a huge auditorium" that Lang spoke of were products of his imagination with no resemblance to the actual performances of Elisabeth Rethberg, Elisabeth Schumann and Irmgard Seefried in Town Hall.

Lang, indeed, seems to have shared Einstein's belief that the authority of his rigorous operation on one occasion in some area of musical scholarship carried over thereafter to anything he found to say—even if it did not represent the scrupulous correlation of statement with evidence, and even if it represented only the activity of his imagination. My North Carolina correspondent wrote me about having read on page 829 of *Music in Western Civilization* Lang's statement that Auber's *La Muette de Portici* was a success, and a few pages later the statement that "the modest beginnings of *La Muette* had been forgotten," which had struck him as absurd on the face of it: a successful opera wasn't forgotten in three years. He had therefore looked up the factual record in de Lajarte's *Bibliothèque Musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra* (1878), which showed *La Muette* to have been continuously in the repertory of the Paris Opera from 1828 to 1854 and to have received 471 performances by 1876. What Lang could achieve in this way was demonstrated by the article on chamber music that he contributed to a New Friends of Music program booklet. According to Lang, chamber music was reduced in the nineteenth century to "the private affair of a musical minority, a musical élite," which was "able to derive enjoyment from 'absolute' music," while the public musical scene was dominated by the "Bengal light" orchestral sonorities of program music, the music with extramusical meaning that was "dictated" by the new concert hall public "composed of the large mass of the middle classes" who "possessed the necessary general culture but whose musical capabilities could not rise to pure music." Bernard Shaw once described how a philosopher, "having pieced an illusory humanity and art out of the effects produced by his library on his imagination, [could] build some silly systematization of his worthless ideas over the abyss of his own nescience." One could make a similar observation concerning Lang's systematization of inventions about the change in the nineteenth century from an aristocratic public with elevated musical taste that listened to the pure—that is, superior—music for chamber groups, to a middle-class public with low musical taste that "dictated" the composition of impure—that is, inferior—program music for large orchestra.

One must point out in this the long-accepted myth that has converted eighteenth-century aristocracy of birth and rank into aristocracy of mind and taste, and the change from the eighteenth-century aristocratic to the nineteenth-century middle-class public into a change from a musically cultivated and enlightened to a musically uncultivated and unenlightened public. Actually eighteenth-century aristocratic patronage

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of the arts was part of the ritual of aristocratic existence—a part that was performed by many aristocrats of birth and rank who, if we may believe Mozart, lacked aristocracy of mind and taste; and on the other hand, while the nineteenth-century middle-class audience included people who attended concerts because it was the thing to do, it also included people who attended them because of the enlightened interest in music that was part of their culture.

Another thing to say is that Mozart, as far as I know, didn't consider the pure music of his quartets, symphonies and concertos to be superior to the impure music with extramusical meaning in his operas; and the operas were listened to in the theater by the same people who listened to symphonies and concertos in the concert room and to quartets in their homes. And in the nineteenth century Schubert and Schumann and Brahms and the other composers who wrote impure music with extramusical meaning in the form of songs and poetic piano pieces didn't consider this music inferior to the pure chamber music they also wrote—the chamber music that was listened to in the concert hall by the same people who performed it or listened to it being performed in their homes, and who listened also to the new orchestral program music. As for the latter, Edwin Denby's observation that "to recognize poetic suggestion through dancing one has to be susceptible to poetic values and susceptible to dance values as well" has its analogy in music: to recognize poetic suggestion through music one has to be susceptible not only to poetic values but to musical values. And the communication of the poetic content of the love scene and Queen Mab scherzo of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*—pieces "dictated" solely by the poetic stimulation of Berlioz's imagination—was effected through exquisite musical writing that represented in him, and required in his listeners, not only a susceptibility to poetic values, but the same susceptibility to musical values, the same "musical capabilities," as did the exquisite writing in a Mozart or Schubert quartet.

I have discussed only the substance of Lang's writing, allowing the quality of its phraseology to proclaim itself. But what the phraseology can attain to, on an occasion when the professor-turned-journalist unbends in what he thinks of as gaiety, humor and charm, is demonstrated by his review of a performance of Respighi's *The Fountains of Rome*. This is a wholly inconsequential piece of agreeable-sounding tonal scene painting; but for Lang it "conjured up an unforgettable scene of Roman ladies gathering about the fountains with the wash to be done while they chat about the world. One of the signoras brought the socks a faun left one afternoon in the woods, another rinsed a big bundle of dead and transfigured underwear, while a third struggled with a whole bag of rumpled nightshirts a sorcerer's apprentice soiled while fixing the plumbing. Neither of the ladies had water softener with her, therefore they dumped the clean clothes in a bucket of ninth chords and they came out nice and limp, flat, odorless and tasteless." And the musical perceptions expressed in the metaphors—of the alleged relations of the sections of the piece to Debussy's *The Afternoon of a Faun*, Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration* and Dukas's *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*—are incorrect.

If one judges by Einstein's and Lang's performances, writing about music for the enlightenment of the general public doesn't seem the right activity for musical scholars. As for what that right activity is, it was stated very well on one occasion by Virgil Thomson. To Lang's contention that the musicologists should have the task of teaching music in the colleges, Thomson answered that the thing for the musicologists to do was to teach musicology.

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POEMS

DANIEL J. BERRIGAN

Tree

It takes measure of man
and grows him parables—one for every wind
and one for silence
which the necessitous heart must drink.

So heart's dulled edge, mind's lessening arc,
calamitous old age
are unexplainably sweetened.

A dusty hedgerow bird
clings there, blazes
a beggared savior.

The Eyes of Man

not promethean, not a wall's holy image, conceding
in nimbus or gold streamers;
temporal heats and fears
shudder a byzantine eternity. I choose perfection in stead of malpigmented flesh.

No. But have seen
as one rose a lovelier; altruism and sorrow,
death near, nearing that loved other.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Professional writers and Texas oil men are alike in—alas—only a few respects. Both are engaged in selling something pumped up from below the surface and neither knows when the supply may give out. A benevolent government more interested in tangible than in intangible resources allows the oilman a deduction for "depletion" but I have never heard it offer the writer a similar concession.

Surely many a novelist has only a limited number of novels in him and although the mere commentator like me deals with resources to some extent renewable from newspapers and books even he has only a limited number of approaches. "Everything has been said already," wrote André Gide, "but [so he added hopefully] since nobody listens we have to start all over again." Nevertheless the fact remains that when starting all over again becomes too evident people stop even pretending to listen.

The final parallel between the writer and the oil man is this: both often "wildcat," and both sometimes find that they have nothing but a hole in the ground for their pains. What comes out of the pump is neither oil nor Hippocrene but only muddy water or hot air.

At the end of my first five years of responsibility for this department I filled the space with a number of isolated sentences and paragraphs lifted out of the notebook that served me as a seed bed where they had been planted with the hope that they would germinate and grow. They looked viable at the time but they never germinated. The poor little note was all there was; there wasn't any more. Now that more than two years have passed and the metaphor has changed I shall offer a few wildcatted notions that looked at the moment as though they might turn into gushers but were only nearly dry wells.

Take for example the matter of bird-watching in which I sometimes rather perfunctorily indulge. It is not commonly listed among the major spectator sports in the United States and it was once confined largely to the northeast because, as the late Will Cuppy once remarked, "sparrow distinguishing" seemed to be a talent hereditary in certain old New England families. By now it has spread so widely that on any fine Saturday afternoon there are probably as many people out with binoculars and a field guide as there are watching football in the stadiums.

Bird-watchers were once figures of fun and they are still good for a laugh in *New Yorker* cartoons but they are so numerous and often so highly placed that they might protest against "offensive stereotypes" as effectively as the other large minorities—racial, national and religious—so vociferously do. Their sport may even involve that element of danger increasingly popular in spectacles. Didn't Alger Hiss go to prison partly because he remembered too well a certain prothonotary warbler?

The objects of this passionate interest show very little reciprocation. A few species (wrens especially) do exhibit a curiosity about human beings so pronounced that they might be called people-watchers. In fact, there is no more charming sight than that of ornithologist and almost any mem-

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ber of the genus Troglodytes each trying to get a good look at the other. But at the sight of a bird-lover most birds desire only to hide in the bushes or get to the top of the highest convenient tree. Why, then, their great popularity?

Holy scripture enjoins botany ("Consider the lilies") and entomology ("Go to the ant thou sluggard") but if it anywhere recommends ornithology I do not remember the verse. Yet there must be fifty bird-watchers for one ant-watcher or wildflower enthusiast. "Pigeons on the grass, alas," wrote Gertrude Stein somewhat cryptically but "alas" is not the exclamation that the sight of a bird usually provokes. Yet these most popular of all animals are most closely related to the least popular—namely, the snakes. I do have several acquaintances who find the latter far more interesting but snake-watchers are so small a group that theirs is distinctly a minority sport. Why are feathers so much more popular than scales or fins?

One explanation sometimes given is that birds are a symbol of freedom. They are masters of a medium in which (until recently) man was unable to navigate. But for two reasons I am not entirely satisfied with this explanation. One is that we can now fly faster than birds. The other is that until the invention of the submarine the depths of the ocean were as inaccessible as the empyrean. Yet amateur icthyologists are almost as rare as snake-fanciers and no one ever expressed his aspirations, religious or other, by exclaiming, "Had I but the fins of a fish!" Ever since I was in Sophomore English I have remembered that the earliest English poem is about a cuckoo and I have no doubt that the last to be composed before Poetry succumbs completely to Science and Technology will have something to do with a bird.

In recent years ornithologists have become (like everybody else) more and more "problem-oriented": why birds sing, how they know where they are going when they migrate, what hormones are responsible for their persistence in sitting on eggs that seem to surprise them greatly when they hatch out, et cetera and et cetera. Somewhat distressed by this tendency when I first conceived my mild interest in the subject I protested in print against it. "In the old days," I wrote, "you could get yourself quite a reputation by imploring a skylark to: 'Teach me half the gladness/ That thy brain must know.' But no amount of 'harmonious madness' flowing from the lips of a graduate student would win him a Ph.D. Moreover, in ornithology, as in the other sciences, the preferred problems are those that are stated (and of course solved) in mechanistic terms. The result is that by the time a serious ornithologist has got done with a bird that bird is not much more interesting than man himself seems to be after the behaviorists have done a good job explaining *his* behavior."

From some reading I have done more recently, however, it seems that students of birds are turning again in an opposite direction and inclining to insist that although birds are not very intelligent as animals go they do have real, very vivid emotions; and I suspect that the fact (or the illusion) that they are somehow more joyous than we is the principal reason for the interest of at least the amateur.

> We look before and after
> And pine for what is not.
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught.
> Our sweetest songs are those
> Which tell of saddest thought.

How much of all this is pathetic fallacy? "All of it," say the most determined behaviorists. But some of the most competent biologists are no longer willing to agree. "To be a bird is to be alive more intensely than any other living creature, man included. . . . They live in a world that is always present, mostly full of joy." So wrote N. J. Berrill, Professor of Zoology at McGill University, and he was, unconsciously no doubt, paraphrasing Shelley quite closely. Sir Julian Huxley was so impressed by the love play of herons in a Louisiana marsh that he said, "I could have wished to be a heron." Perhaps the time is coming when the birds will be the last remaining poets and bird-watchers the last students

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of poetry. Perhaps in the future the motto over the portal of the best laboratory of ornithology will be, not a quote from Thomas Henry Huxley or Charles Darwin, but

> Oh Nightingale thou surely art
> A creature with a fiery heart.

This is all (or perhaps rather more than all) that I know about bird-watching.

I suppose that the Ruskins and the Matthew Arnolds are right when they advise us not to waste our time on any except the greatest writers. But although a man familiar with only "the best that has been thought and said" may know a lot about human idealism and wisdom he will be very imperfectly acquainted with the more prevalent vulgarity and folly. Several readers of my book *Human Nature and the Human Condition* expressed surprise that I had ever allowed myself to discover some of the quoted opinions on education, the nature of a good life, et cetera, but we don't know the world we live in without a certain amount of slumming, intellectual as well as physical. And one sometimes finds slums in the most unexpected places. Here for instance is a passage of complacent cynicism from a bulletin called "Life Adjustment Education for Every Youth" sponsored by, believe it or not, the United States Office of Education:

> Sixty per cent of American youth is incapable of being prepared either for college or trained for skilled occupations; only a small minority of students can comprehend abstract mathematics; only a few have either the ability or the need to write and speak with accuracy; we may feel satisfied if we have taught the majority enough reading to comprehend newspapers and magazines reasonably well.

Perhaps it is only fair to add that the United States Office of Education reports that this pamphlet is no longer in print. Of fads also we can say, "This too will pass."

If that is what those in charge of education believe they will not find it hard to convince their pupils and this, I am afraid, is only one example of the way in which those who ought to stand up for learning, wisdom and virtue have undertaken to persuade the common man to be proud of his commonness—or "normality" as it is now called. He used to have an exaggerated respect for book learning until the Educators told him that it wasn't very important, that to learn a lot of facts was not desirable, and that he had a right to his own opinion whether or not he knew anything about the subject under discussion. He used to worry rather too much about saying "It is me"; now he has heard from the grammarians themselves that since there is no such thing as good grammar his "peer group" should make its own rules. And just as it was the criminologist who taught the criminal that he was only a victim of society, so the teacher taught the schoolboy that if he has a disinclination to study this must be the fault of the teacher who did not know how to make things interesting.

Although there are few people of my age in the United States who have seen as few movies as I have, I do glance at advertisements and reviews often enough to have got the general idea that Miss Jayne Mansfield (whom I have never seen even in a moving photograph) is a kind of poor man's Marilyn Monroe and occupies a position somewhere between that charmer and Mae West. But if I didn't know that much about her I wouldn't have got the significance of a large sign on a principal Tucson street. It announces the opening of a new Discount Department Store and promises: "In person: Jayne Mansfield, Miss Thrift City U.S.A." Things like that neutralize for me the articles I sometimes see in highbrow magazines warning us not to underestimate the real achievements of popular culture. It also makes me regret that there is no contemporary equivalent of Mencken's old "Americana" department in the *Mercury*.

Earlier this week I spent a very dull evening at a dinner party where all the guests except me were very good citizens. One of the men was a civic leader concerned with youth problems; one of the women was

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past president of some organization devoted to the welfare of expectant mothers—of whom there are a great many in Tucson despite the fact that Margaret Sanger is one of our leading citizens. All the other guests were equally concerned with some good work. And, although it is doubtless a terrible thing to confess, I went home in a state of deep depression for I find the ills of our civilization as dull a subject for social conversation as the ills of an individual. We flee from anyone who wants to tell us about his operation or to expatiate on the various unsuccessful experiments he has made with his faulty digestion. Why not from those whose "social conscience" is too insistent?

Our society is undoubtedly sick. It may not have much longer to live. But if I knew that I was suffering from an incurable disease I don't think I would make it the principal subject of after-dinner talk. I agree with Thoreau who advised a friend not to think too much about his health: "For all you know you may be dead already." In fact, if either individuals or society can't think about anything except their ills they might just as well be. (I reserve my own complaints about the world and its ways for these pages.)

Like everybody else nowadays I suffer from anxiety; and some part of it I attribute to the increasing prevalence in our cities of those, to me, disturbing structures that "take advantage of the tensile strength of modern materials." Has anybody ever called it the look-ma-no-hands school of architecture?

This useful characterization always springs to my mind when I see one of those twelve-storied buildings supported on what look like six match sticks or one of those wide curving canopies without visible means of support. Intellectually I have confidence in the engineers; instinctively I don't believe their improbable structures will stand up; and it makes me nervous. No doubt those who came of age more recently take them for granted but somehow I can't.

In this, as in a good many other respects —such as my literary and artistic tastes— I have been called by more enthusiastic moderns merely a victim of "cultural lag," and perhaps I am. But so far as our civilization in general is concerned I am not sure that this is always necessarily the reproach it is assumed to be—unless you assume also that progress is inevitable and that things always get better and better. Anyone who exhibited cultural lag in, say, the fifth or sixth centuries A.D. is likely to be classified now as a noble survivor from a dying civilization. Maybe in the twentieth century certain cultural lags are a credit to the lagger. Secretly I am inclined to believe that mine are.

Apropos of gobblydegook (yes, I have talked about it in these pages more than once before) I would like to add to the record the following sentence which begins an article in a very learned *festschrift* celebrating an anniversary of the great botanical institution at Kew. "The biosphere is vertically narrow but, with some exceptions, co-extensive with the layer of meeting of the atmosphere with the lithosphere." Since this means only that life is found nearly everywhere on the surface of the earth but never far above it, why not say so? Presumably because that would illustrate only too vividly the definition of his science given by a realistic ecologist: "It's saying what everybody knows in language nobody can understand." The author of the masterpiece that provoked these remarks signs himself W. B. Turrill O.B.E., D. Sc., F.R.S. and V.M.H. Why not also M.G. (Master of Gobbledygook)?

When Emerson said that things are in the saddle and ride mankind he was anticipating the Marxists and their "product of evolving technology." The difference is that Emerson didn't think that this should, or necessarily must, be our condition.

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CONtroversy

Mr. Barzun and Capital Punishment

Comments by Jerome Nathanson, Herbert L. Packer, Gerzson Warga, Robert Heilbroner, Arval A. Morris, S. G. Morley and Sherman A. Allen on Jacques Barzun's article, "In Favor of Capital Punishment," in the Spring SCHOLAR.

In the last issue of the SCHOLAR Jacques Barzun presented his case in favor of capital punishment. I miss in his presentation any serious argument in behalf of his own case. I find instead a series of undocumented proclamations. The only way I know how to respond (except by ignoring his piece completely and presenting an independent case for abolition) is to comment on his "arguments" *seriatim*.

First, though, I must deal with Mr. Barzun's declaration that his views "are now close to unpopular." When I read this I wondered if he and I live in the same United States. How close is close? Is it close enough to believe that the death penalty will soon be abolished in the forty-two states that now have it in their penal codes? Is the cause of abolition as popular as this? Is this what accounts for the fact that not long ago the voters of Oregon rejected abolition after it had been recommended to them by both the legislature and the Governor? Partly because of this the Governor of Ohio —himself a strong enough believer in abolition to have paroled murderers on his household staff—has refused to submit the question to popular vote.

A few years ago a special Massachusetts commission recommended abolition of the death penalty, whereupon the legislature promptly voted against its own commission. A few years ago Delaware abolished capital punishment. Subsequently, as has happened elsewhere, an especially outrageous crime led to a demand for its restoration. The legislature responded favorably to the demand, the Governor vetoed the measure, and it was passed again over his veto. The Governor of California is a supporter of abolition, but there is hardly the ghost of a chance, after the furor over the Chessman case, that it will be realized during his administration, even if he is elected to another term in office.

In March of 1961 the New York Legislature called for the appointment of a special commission to study the state's entire penal code which, incidentally, is thought by highly regarded criminologists to be one of the most antiquated and barbaric in the world. The death penalty is included in the study. The Governor was requested to declare a moratorium on all executions until the commission brings in its report. He summarily refused to do so—even though, mind you, it was not a request for abolition but simply for temporary suspension.

One could go on and on, all too unhappily from my point of view. I hope these instances are sufficient to dispose of Mr. Barzun's *ex cathedra* declaration that his views are "close to unpopular." After working a number of years in behalf of abolition, I have the contrary impression that the preponderance of popular sentiment is on his side. I stress popular *sentiment*. It is my conviction, although I cannot prove it, that most people have never reflected seriously and dispassionately upon this question. It

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is my hope that if they do they will reach the conclusion that capital punishment is wrong if anything is wrong. This is why I believe that the primary task of abolitionist groups at present is educational.

Mr. Barzun refers to a French jurist who says that "in order to understand crime we must first brush aside all ideas of Responsibility." In context the implication is not clear: whether some, many or all advocates of abolition share this view. I surely do not. It is my belief that human beings *are* morally responsible. We have to realize that whatever the background of the individual offender the crime itself is no less a crime because of that. As every judge knows, he would violate his own responsibility if he did not face this fact. This is what Justice Cardozo meant when he remarked, "The justice which is due the defendant is due the community, as well."

Yet we also have to realize that this is only a starting point in dealing with problems of crime, especially with capital cases. It is not likely that we are going to find easy answers, or that any answers will be convincing to everyone. But surely we ought to reach answers more civilized than those presently embodied in our penal codes.

Let us turn now to what Mr. Barzun calls the four main arguments of the proponents of abolition. The first one, he writes, is that "punishment for crime is a primitive idea rooted in revenge," and he entirely agrees with this. I have never heard this argument advanced by any abolitionist with whom I have worked. Furthermore, while Mr. Barzun agrees with it, I do not. One of the reasons I am against capital punishment is that I do not agree with it.

To be sure, punishment is often motivated by vengeance. Is there no punishment not so motivated? Is punishment never ethically justifiable? I think that punishment is never ethically justified when it is vindictive or retributive. But I think it is ethical when its intent is educative, rehabilitative, re-forming. Every good child psychiatrist knows that it is the completely permissive parent, not the justly punishing one, who damages the child. I think this consideration equally valid with respect to criminals. If they are not disturbed personalities requiring medical treatment, then they should be punished. Obviously in a civilized society there would be no attempt to make the punishment fit the crime. It should fit the individual. And it should be motivated by an honest desire to reeducate that individual. An overwhelming number of our penal institutions, of course, instead of effectively making this effort, breed more crime. This is a criticism of all of us who permit it, but it is no argument against the principle.

That properly motivated punishment is ethically justifiable is precisely what makes capital punishment not only ethically offensive but a contradiction in terms. For if the intent of punishment should be reeducation and re-formation, then the person whose brains boil over in the electric chair or whose neck is broken by the noose is not likely to learn much from his "punishment."

The second main argument Mr. Barzun attributes to abolitionists is that "capital punishment does not deter" and, once again, he agrees. I wish I could, too, since contrary to Mr. Barzun I think it would be a clincher for the abolitionist case. Obviously the death penalty is no deterrent for professional killers, since they seldom receive it because "the organization" protects them. But for others guilty of murder the available statistics do not provide an incontrovertible case for either side. All they show is that in adjacent and sociologically comparable states, with and without capital punishment, there is little difference in the homicide rate. Since the deterrent value of the death penalty cannot be clearly demonstrated, the state places an awful burden on the conscience of its citizens cold-bloodedly to commit "judicial homicide," to use Mr. Barzun's euphemism.

The third argument, with which Mr. Barzun disagrees, is that "judicial error being possible, taking life is an appalling risk." He thinks rather that mistakes of this character point to "the need for reforming the jury system, the rules of evidence, the customs of prosecution, the machinery of appeal." One can agree with the need for

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some such reforms, as I do, without seeing the logical bearing of the point on the initial argument, as I do not. We know of many instances in which the state has committed "judicial homicide" upon persons subsequently found to be indubitably innocent. Human fallibility being what it is, I do not think the possibility of judicial error in capital cases should be brushed aside. But judgment about this rests upon the next point.

For the sanctity of human life, and what one means by it, is the crux of the matter. Here Mr. Barzun carries off a bit of sleight of hand. He attributes to abolitionists not only a belief in the sanctity of human life, which I assume is shared by all civilized people, but a belief in its *absolute,* that is unconditional, sanctity. On this basis he finds us "inconsistent, narrow or blind" in supporting armaments. Apart from anything else, he does scant justice to the many Friends who are simultaneously abolitionists and pacifists. And surely he deals unjustly with those of us who are not absolutists in our views. I can believe in the sanctity of human life, as I do, and still believe that it was right for us to fight for the preservation of democracy against fascism, as I believe it right to defend democracy from communism.

We must be clear about another matter that Mr. Barzun beclouds. He speaks of the "elimination from society" of certain classes of individuals. Depending upon the meaning of "elimination," I know of no abolitionist who would oppose this point in principle. No sensible person of my acquaintance advocates freedom of society for those guilty of antisocial behavior, especially of a vicious nature. I would in fact urge the amendment of our penal codes so that potentially violent persons—for example, certain psychotics—would not, in Mr. Barzun's language, "be guarded against by judicial homicide before the shooting starts," but would be isolated from society for treatment before a crime is committed. But if I read Mr. Barzun correctly, this is not what he means. By "elimination" he means "extermination," which is something quite different.

Mr. Barzun writes: "The victims are easy to forget. Social science tends steadily to mark a preference for the troubled, the abnormal, the problem case." He surely cannot doubt that many abolitionists are as deeply concerned about victims, as well as with the families and friends of victims, as he is. Surely any healthy-minded person is revolted by the rape-murder of a little girl. Is there one who does not feel deep compassion for her parents? Unfortunately the question is not one of our revulsion or compassion. The question is what we can do about it. We ought to do everything we can to prevent the occurrence of such crimes. No one can bring the child back to life. No one can ever really make amends to the parents. At the same time, can anyone honestly believe that the person capable of committing so horrible a crime is not very sick? Extermination doubtless brings emotional satisfaction to many people, but is this synonymous with justice? Even the father of "the Cape Man's" victim in New York asked the Governor to extend clemency to him. Mr. Barzun asks, "Where does the sanctity of life begin?" This is not the basic question. What must be asked is, When if at all does the sanctity of life end, and who is to be the judge of when it should?

Mr. Barzun writes, once more *ex cathedra:* "The 'scientific' means of cure are more than uncertain. . . . Reformatories and mental hospitals are full and have an understandable bias toward discharging their inmates[!]. Some of these are indeed 'cured'—so long as they stay under a rule. The stress of the social free-for-all throws them back on their violent modes of self-expression." But what is the fact? In those states in which a sentence of life imprisonment for convicted murderers permits parole eligibility for good behavior, the paroled murderers have the best record of any class of criminals not only for not repeating what they earlier did, but for not violating their parole in any way.

Another citation: "The enemies of capital punishment—and liberals generally—seem to be satisfied with any legal outcome so long as they themselves avoid the vicari-

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ous guilt of shedding blood. They speak of the sanctity of life, but have no concern with its quality. . . . They read without a qualm, indeed they read with rejoicing, the hideous irony of 'Killer Gets Life'; they sigh with relief instead of horror." I think Mr. Barzun should be challenged to produce a single healthy-minded abolitionist who reads "with rejoicing" that a person has been sentenced to imprisonment for the rest of his natural life.

The question of life imprisonment, which is quite literal in New York, for example, unless the Governor intervenes, demands clarification. There are some district attorneys who prefer it to the death penalty because, in their experience, some jurors who have no theoretical objection to capital punishment find, when they are actually sitting in a case, that they cannot bring in such a verdict without violating their consciences. They therefore vote for acquittal, even though they may have reason to think that the person on trial is guilty of the crime charged. The district attorneys who hold this view accordingly believe that fewer guilty people would be found not guilty if the "extreme penalty" were not mandatory where it is. Some legislators and others who are convinced abolitionists propose life imprisonment as an alternative not because they believe in it, but because they think that the people of their states and their legislative representatives would be unwilling to accept anything less. Many of the rest of us are convinced that mandatory life imprisonment without parole eligibility is not punishment but barbarism.

A word about the role of forensic psychiatry in murder trials is in order. I think it demeaning to the members of the psychiatric profession to be party to such procedure. Prosecution and defense will frequently produce their respective specialists to testify under M'Naghten's rule of knowing right from wrong about a given person's "sanity" or "insanity"—words no good doctor will even use in his own practice! It is hard for me to understand how a conscientious doctor can be an "advocate" of an individual's sickness or health. And the rule itself is antiquated, since many compulsive or obsessive individuals do know right from wrong but can't help themselves from doing what they know to be wrong. I believe, rather, that a person charged with a crime, certainly a major crime, should be tried for his guilt or innocence regardless of the state of his health. If found guilty, he should then be subject to medical examination, as able and objective as the state can provide. If he is sick, he should be treated accordingly. If he is not, he should be punished in whatever manner is likely to help him be an acceptable member of society.

But to return to Mr. Barzun. He remarks: "The detached observer may want to interrupt here and say that the argument has now passed from reasoning to emotional preference. . . . A moment's thought will show that feeling is the appropriate arbiter." The fact is that for anyone acquainted with intellectual history, more especially the history of ethical philosophy, "a moment's thought" will not necessarily show anything of the kind, nor do I doubt that Mr. Barzun is aware of this. To be sure, many moral philosophers, chief among them David Hume, have grounded ethical judgment in sentiment—to say nothing of contemporary "emotivists" who declare that so-called ethical judgment is really an expression of like or dislike. For a contrary and brilliantly expressed point of view I recommend to interested readers Brand Blanshard's recently published Gifford Lectures on *Reason and Goodness.**

As astonishing as anything else in his case are Mr. Barzun's reflections on the person sentenced to life imprisonment who is eligible for parole. He writes: "What is, in fact, the meaning of a 'life sentence' that peters out long before life? Paroling looks suspiciously like an expression of social remorse for the pain of incarceration, coupled with a wish to avoid 'unfavorable publicity' by freeing a suspect." I find this a truly elegant piece of sophistry. For insofar as I am able to follow the logic of his entire position, it reduces itself to this: If a person is sentenced to life imprisonment

* *Macmillan. $7.75.*

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he ought to be imprisoned for the rest of his life; but life imprisonment is worse than death; therefore, it is better both for him and society to exterminate him.

Mr. Barzun appears to take it for granted that for the criminal "judicial homicide" is clearly preferable to imprisonment. He observes: "I shall believe in the abolitionist's present views only after he has emerged from twelve months in a convict cell." I confess that I have never "done time." But I doubt that Mr. Barzun has, either. I do know a man, however, who as a relative youngster was condemned to death for felony murder. He was in the death house and was, literally, within hours of dying when the Governor intervened and saved his life. Today he is a free man and a responsible citizen and, despite Mr. Barzun's theorizing, glad still to be alive.

JEROME NATHANSON
Chairman, New York Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment, and Chairman, Fraternity of Leaders, American Ethical Union

Mr. Jacques Barzun's essay invites if it does not demand reply from proponents of the abolitionist position. Although I think him guilty of some "fallacies and frivolities" hardly less egregious than those with which he taxes the abolitionists, it is the great merit of his essay that it exposes the considerable overlay of humbug that characterizes most writing on the subject. The arguments will never be quite the same as they were before Mr. Barzun dissected them.

Near the beginning of his essay Mr. Barzun addresses himself to the purposes that capital punishment might be thought to serve. He rightly rejects the view that it deters. The one solid conclusion that extensive research on this subject has produced is that it cannot be empirically shown to do so to a greater extent than other forms of punishment. He also rejects retribution or vengeance as a purpose, although his subsequent eloquence about the victims of murder seems somewhat irrelevant except on a retributive hypothesis. Rejecting these rationales, he rests the case for capital punishment squarely on the idea of incapacitation: society must be protected against further depredations by—whom? Mr. Barzun nowhere explicitly states the criteria that ought to govern the selection of candidates for what he calls "judicial homicide." As I hope to demonstrate, that is a point on which proponents of capital punishment cannot afford to be cavalier. But Mr. Barzun does make it plain that the people he is talking about are those who kill "irrationally." The category is far from self-defining, but, accepting it for the moment, let us examine its relevance to his attack on the abolitionist tenet that the state ought to "uphold, not violate, the sanctity of human life."

Mr. Barzun has a good deal of fun with the deviations from the absolute—ranging from the waging of war to the taking of life in self-defense—that organized society condones. But he misses the point. The case is not that the sanctity of human life is an absolute but rather that it is a highly cherished value that should give way only upon a persuasive showing that some other, more important end will thereby be served. There is a presumption for life and against death; it cannot be rebutted merely by pointing out that there are situations in which it does not hold. The strength of the presumption is demonstrated powerfully if unconsciously by Mr. Barzun when he characterizes those who should be executed. They are, he tells us, those who offend against life. Why is that so, if not because the protection of life is the first and most transcendentally important end of social control? I shall not fall into Mr. Barzun's error by suggesting that this concludes the matter. The problem is not one to be resolved by a syllogism. I do suggest, however, that this does give a clue to the all-important matter of the mood in which the question of capital punishment should be approached. The burden, I submit, is on those who seek its retention to justify their position. Unless it can be shown that capital punishment serves prime social purposes that cannot otherwise be served, the claims of its proponents are unconvincing.

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No one doubts the importance of protecting human life from those who will not or cannot keep themselves from endangering it. The question is whether capital punishment does so better than other means we have at hand or might reasonably expect to devise. Mr. Barzun recognizes that the real issue is one of alternatives and so he is concerned to attack the alternative of imprisonment. He mounts his attack as an answer to the objection that capital punishment is irrevocable. True, he replies, but so is imprisonment irrevocable in its effect upon the personality and character of its victims. And for himself, given the choice between death and life imprisonment, he would opt for death. A moment later, carried away by his enthusiasm for the quick way out, he suggests that a mere twelve months' imprisonment would be enough to make the abolitionist change his tune. That may be the view from Morningside Heights, but it most assuredly is not the view from Death Row. If feeling is the "appropriate arbiter," the best evidence we have from those most closely affected is that Mr. Barzun's feeling is, shall we say, atypical. That does not make it valueless, of course; but I suppose that Mr. Barzun is interested in persuading others than himself.

The case for abolition rests most securely, I think, on pragmatic considerations. Very simply, capital punishment is more trouble than it is worth. Criteria for its even-handed application are totally lacking; its effect on the administration of justice is malign and pervasive; it brings the law into disrepute.

Consider the question of criteria. Mr. Barzun does not consider it, but the question is there, and it must be resolved if capital punishment is to be deemed compatible with the idea of government under law. Let us accept his view that the appropriate category consists of those who kill irrationally, brushing aside the formidable philosophic difficulties of differentiating between those whose life-endangering conduct has happened to result in homicide and those who, equally reckless of human life, were lucky enough to be poor shots. How do we define by law this category and how do we provide for its application? All students of the subject agree that the grading of murder into degrees, characteristic of most American penal codes, is hopelessly inept. Tacit recognition that this is so underlies the fact that in most jurisdictions the grading of murder has been reinforced by conferring discretion on the jury to decide whether persons convicted of first degree murder shall be executed or imprisoned. The result is that in practice the selection of those to be executed is the result of arbitrary, whimsical and uninformed choice. At this most crucial point in the administration of even-handed justice, law abdicates completely. The choice of life or death reflects mainly the strains and tensions of our society, most notably in the Southern states, but throughout the country as well. Mr. Barzun may suggest that this is not necessarily the case and that the remedy lies in reforming our laws and the procedures for applying them. But that is no answer, unless he is prepared to propose the solution that has so far eluded all students of the subject.

The effect of capital punishment on the processes of law is deplorable, as reference to any newspaper during a capital trial will demonstrate. Mr. Barzun's distinguished colleague Herbert Wechsler put the matter this way, speaking as Reporter for the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code and stating his personal preference for abolition: "[The death penalty's] possible imposition has, we believe, a discernible and baneful effect on the administration of criminal justice. A trial where life is at stake becomes inevitably a morbid and sensational affair, fraught with risk that public sympathy will be aroused for the defendant without reference to guilt or innocence of the crime charged. In the rare cases where capital sentence is imposed, this unwholesome influence carries through the period preceding execution, reaching a climax when sentence is carried out."

In a federal system like ours, delays in the execution of a capital sentence are inevitable so long as the prisoner (unlike Mr. Barzun) strongly prefers life to death.

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Few criminals are as intelligent or as persistent as Chessman, but the travesty of the legal process that his case became is not merely a caricature of the effect of capital punishment; it is a prototype and a portent. By the time the state gets its man, the state looks just as swinish as the man it seeks to kill.

There are subtler effects. Consider the question of "legal insanity," which has become a centrally absorbing question in the last decade. Mr. Barzun deplores the influence of psychiatry upon law, not for the Neanderthal reasons that animate prosecuting attorneys and bloody-minded newspapers, but for a much more discerning reason. He says: "Psychiatry and moral liberalism go together; the application of law as we have known it is thus coming to be regarded as an historic prelude to social work, which may replace it entirely." As one who fears that this unthinking development may end up destroying libertarian values, I sympathize with the observation. But what does Mr. Barzun think has been primarily responsible for the extremist position that criminals should all be regarded as sick rather than bad? Demonstrably, it has been capital punishment. This is the spur and this the rallying point for the attack upon law. The polemic battle that has enlisted so much psychiatric talent has been waged almost entirely with reference to capital punishment. It is in the murder trial that the issue of the extent to which the mental condition of the defendant should excuse or mitigate has been most often and most acrimoniously litigated. As Chief Justice Weintraub of New Jersey said: "For all practical purposes the furor . . . is confined to the disposition of offenders convicted of murder. It is the death penalty that sparks the quarrel."

In the framing of laws as in the conduct of foreign affairs it is important not to allow our commitments to outstrip our capabilities. To insist on the maintenance of capital punishment today is as quixotic as it is to propose that we fight the Communists everywhere in the world all at the same time. Of course we shall continue to have our Goldwaters; but I should hope that Mr. Barzun would not lend them his support.

HERBERT L. PACKER
Professor of Law
Stanford University

You may not receive many congratulatory letters on your recent article, "In Favor of Capital Punishment," but this one at least is such a letter. It takes great courage today to take Mr. Barzun's stand if one is aspiring to be counted among the "intellectuals." Congratulations to him both for his courage and for his article.

One minor point left me somewhat dissatisfied. When he deals with the four arguments against the death penalty advanced by its opponents, he does not demolish the second, namely, that "capital punishment does not deter." I think this argument, attractive as it may appear, is easily shown to be a fallacy:

1. I have read accounts of bank robberies where the criminal used a toy gun not because he was unable to procure a real one, but because he did not want to risk being sentenced for murder in case things went "wrong."
2. In California, where 190 murders were committed during a single year, only five convicted murderers were executed. Less than three per cent! How can we expect the death penalty to be of full deterrent force?
3. If capital punishment is no deterrent, then by logical extension punishment is no deterrent. Let us carry this to the logical but absurd conclusion: No crime must be punished because punishment is no deterrent!

DR. GERZSON WARGA
Chevy Chase, Maryland

The authorities have delivered to me the recent issue of your publication in which Dr. Barzun delivers his humane defense of capital punishment. As I read this article the scales fell from my eyes and I realized how meretricious had been my attempt, while on earth, to do away with this form of social punishment. Nevertheless

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old ideas die hard, even in my present position *au dessus de la mêlée*. Therefore I suggest the following, to which I am certain Dr. Barzun will be quick to agree:

1. All prison sentences are henceforth to contain these alternatives (a) the right to commit suicide, in decent privacy and with appropriate means furnished by the authorities, and (b) the right to opt for legal execution at any time when the sentence becomes unendurable.
2. Purely as a legal formality, since it will assuredly not be availed of, all death sentences are to contain the option, exerciseable solely at the prisoner's discretion, of commutation to life imprisonment (with rights under (1) above unimpaired).

It occurs to me that this might also provide something of a test for the relative humaneness of the punishments offered. Eh, M. Barzun? D'accord?

ALBERT CAMUS

Mr. Barzun initiates his article with a refreshing and candid acknowledgment that his "conclusion is arguable" and that he is "still open to conviction." But his commendable openmindedness on this emotionally laden subject is founded upon the highly questionable qualification: "*provided* some fallacies and frivolities in the abolitionist argument are first disposed of and the difficulties not ignored but overcome."

What shall we make of Barzun's all-important qualification? I think the unstated implication of his proviso is clear enough: if the abolitionist should fail to create "the spectacle of an airtight case" against capital punishment—at least to Barzun's satisfaction—then his mind will close, and justifiably: the penalty should stand. Would he hold that anything is justifiable simply because it is in existence? Were this proviso pushed to the limits of its logic, the mere existence of the death penalty would serve as its own justification. This extreme position is devoid of any ideas that could possibly serve as a positive justification for the existence of capital punishment. Barzun does not pitch his tent entirely upon such a slender reed. But an element of this spurious mode of shifting the burden of proof appears to be present in his general position. I remain old-fashioned enough to demand that anyone who seeks to take a human life, any human life, must carry the burden of persuasion.

In any event, Barzun does take an affirmative step. It helps us clarify the nature of his case in favor of capital punishment and gives us the essential ingredients of a situation in which he believes the death penalty is an appropriate sanction. "I happen to think that if a person of adult body has not been endowed with adequate controls against irrationally taking the life of another, that person must be judicially, painlessly, regretfully killed before that mindless body's automation repeats." He then provides us with an example of the human automaton he has in mind by citing the testimony of a bank robber who unquestionally is a very sick man.

These statements do not readily yield an answer indicating why this person should be killed, but rather they give us a description of the condition that Barzun would require to be present before he would invoke the death penalty. The crux of the thought here lies in notions about free will. A pathological killer not in possession of "adequate controls against irrationally taking the life of another" obviously does not have the capacity required for making reasoned choices; to this extent he is fundamentally lacking in the required "freedom of the will." Absence of choice-making capacity is the condition that must be present before Barzun would allow capital punishment.

Barzun poses a very narrow and restricted case—a recidivist who, having no control over himself to respect the lives of others, kills and kills again, and for whom anything deserving the name "cure" probably has not yet been devised. His case is a far cry from the one that currently carries capital punishment as the prescribed penalty. The usual case involves a defendant who has a personality that allows him some range, albeit pitifully small, of meaningful

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choice plus the power to select an alternative mode of action to pathological murder. The usual case does not involve a recidivistic automaton as defendant. Hence, within his narrow context Barzun gives us a simple "yes" in answer to the question: Should we execute the criminally insane?

But this is not the end of the matter. Barzun's case for capital punishment becomes even more restricted and divorced from reality when one considers the means he would authorize. They have not yet been created. As for the present techniques, Barzun finds them "revolting" and says that "our modes of execution should change." It seems to me that given this thought the next step would be for Barzun to declare himself against capital punishment because currently existing execution techniques are so barbaric. But his mind does not contemplate the death penalty as it actually operates. Instead, he conjures up "the possibility of devising a painless, sudden and dignified death [to] see whether its administration is justifiable." Nowhere does he discuss what form these means might take, nor does he analyze how such nonexistent techniques could possibly be administered without torturing the prospective recipient with an ignoble ignorance. One can imagine a prisoner trapped in terrifying anxiety in his cell for weeks or months on end, ignorantly awaiting the unscheduled, dreaded, but painless hour.

Nor does Barzun consider the death penalty, as it currently is employed, in relation to crimes other than first degree murder. The Statistical Abstract of the United States for 1961 indicates that between 1930 and 1960 a total of 434 people, exclusive of the military, were executed for rape within these United States (a disproportionate number of the total—390—were Negroes). Eighteen other people—this includes Chessman—were executed for kidnapping, twenty-three for armed robbery, eleven for burglary, eight for espionage, and five for aggravated assault! In the military during this same period the Army executed fifty-two for rape and one for desertion (Private Slovik). The Navy, it seems, had no need for the penalty during this period. Therefore between 1930 and 1960 a total of 552 persons were deliberately and legally murdered by United States authorities for having committed crimes other than murder!

There is the additional consideration that, whether the crime is murder or not, enforcement of the penalty is palpably selective; it is enforced predominately upon men rather than women and, more particularly, upon males who are either Negro, poor or less well-educated. The Harvard Law Record summarized the last point this way: "In the 3,666 total [of executions] for 1930-1959, 1,972 of those executed were Negroes, compared with 1,653 whites and 41 other groupings. This means that well over half were Negroes, though the Negro population comprises about 10 per cent of our nation's total." Barzun does not consider the real world and, hence, does not deal with these problems. But I invite him to do so, for he has stated the relevant issue admirably, "The question then is, What shall we do, not in the Utopian city of tomorrow, but here and now?"

The question of whether we should execute the criminally insane is answered quite differently in the law, where it is frequently encountered. The criminal law is confronted with a problem similar to the situation in which Barzun would allow capital punshment; it occurs whenever a defendant has been properly convicted but becomes insane before his prescribed execution. In this case the usual legal solution is never to execute an insane person. The reason stems from notions about free will which, ironically, are so imbedded in much of Barzun's thought. It is generally held by the courts that the condemned man who has become insane—frequently because of the sentence itself—no longer possesses the capacity to understand the nature and purpose of the punishment. Since his personality characteristics do not allow him to appreciate his prospective suffering for his "freely willed" sins, he is not executed. This is the very person whom Barzun would execute. He is a poor simpleton whose queer personality has reduced him to an automaton, yet he is dangerous. Barzun finds the

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absence of reasoned choice (free will) to be the prime circumstance in the situation where the death penalty might properly be applied, but the law finds this circumstance to be the reason why the measure may not be invoked.

I am with Barzun on this point. If the death penalty is justifiable (and I do not think it is) then I do not think it makes any difference whether the recipient is able to appreciate its grisly details. If we follow Barzun and hold that the death penalty has as its purpose that of ridding society of an undesirable member, then insanity is irrelevant to the issue, and no convincing argument can be presented why a convicted person ought not be executed, although insane.

In fact, it is the awareness of surrounding circumstances that makes the measure into a means of torture as well as a mode of execution. Consider a description of an electrocution, a method that has been widely heralded as a humane mode of sudden death, having desirable characteristics far outweighing hanging:

> Electrocution occurs in the District of Columbia, in Sing Sing prison and in twenty-one of our states. Generally, the electric chair is a permanent fixture. It usually takes about six minutes from leaving the condemned cell to execution. The report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment describes the Washington, D. C., electrocution procedure as follows: The execution takes place at 10 a.m. At midnight on the preceding night the condemned man is taken from the condemned cell block to a cell adjoining the electrocution chamber. About 5:30 a.m. the top of his head and the calf of one leg are shaved to afford direct contact with the electrodes. (The prisoner is usually handcuffed during this operation to prevent him from seizing the razor.) At 7:15 a.m. the death warrant is read to him and about 10 o'clock he is taken to the electrocution chamber. Five witnesses are present (including members of the press) and two doctors. Three officers strap the condemned man to the chair, tieing him round the waist, legs, and wrists. A mask is placed over his face, and the electrodes are attached to his head and legs. As soon as this operation is completed (about two minutes after he has left the cell) the signal is given and the switch is pulled by the electrician; the current is left on for two minutes. When it is switched off, the body slumps forward in the chair. The leg is sometimes slightly burned, but the body is not otherwise marked or mutilated. So far as is known no special difficulties arise in the execution of women; and there has been no case in Washington, D. C. Some other states have reported occasions when the current failed to reach the chair when the switch was engaged. Many have installed an emergency generator in order than an execution may not be delayed by a failure of power.

Surely, insanity at such a time would be a blessing.

Barzun's justification for administering the death penalty depends fundamentally on notions about utility, deriving originally from the utility calculus of Jeremy Bentham. It is intimately related to the recidivistic nature of the recipient: "The uncontrollable brute whom I want put out of the way is . . . to be killed for the protection of others, like the wolf that escaped not long ago in a Connecticut suburb."

Now utility theory necessarily involves a balancing of scales that have been constructed according to some sort of guiding standard. Barzun does not spell this out, but I assume he would balance his evaluation of the life of the automaton killer against his evaluation of the lives of prospective victims of this psychotic, assuming, of course, that a parole board would be stupid enough to return such a person to society. I am not at all certain whether Barzun would allow upon the scales the understandable pain and suffering of innocent relatives and friends of the pathological automaton who is about to be executed. Also, the assumption of a stupid parole board is important to Barzun's case; otherwise we would never be faced with the dilemma of having to weigh one life against others. This assumption is absolutely essential to his thoughts, forcing us to choose between taking the life of the recidivist automaton or releasing him to prey upon society. Barzun rejects the alternative of life imprisonment because it greatly reduces the "quality" of human life. He feels "that imprisonment is worse than death," and he would legislate this

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sentiment across the board for all defendants.

Barzun has not convinced me of his view that "to profess respect for human life and be willing to see it spent in a penitentiary is to entertain liberal feelings frivolously." I doubt that he would be willing to stand on the implications of his proposition. For example, would he hold that the world and Dostoevski would have been better off had Dostoevski been executed rather than imprisoned in Siberia, after which he gave us his *Notes From Underground, The Brothers Karamazov, The Idiot* and, of course, *Crime and Punishment*? In addition, Barzun ignores the difficult and horrendous practical problems involved in determining that a person is an "uncontrollable brute." Would we rely upon psychiatry which he does not find to be "sure of its ground in diagnosing the individual case . . ."? His answer would appear to be that "a man's inability to control his violent impulses . . . should be a presumptive reason for his elimination from society." Quite apart from not covering the case of the cold-blooded murderer who kills without violence, Barzun's formula once again, and spuriously so, shifts the burden of proof. Once a violent killing occurs, and most of them are violent, then the killer is presumed to have qualified for the death penalty. I assume Barzun would place upon him, whatever the killer's motive, the burden of showing that he was not a recidivist. To argue in this way is to rest the case for capital punishment on a burden-shifting presumption—unexplored and unsupported—that the killer acted in an unjustified passion.

Barzun posits his special case on his own premises and, although I think his assumptions are plagued by a morass of practical difficulties, I must accept them. Nevertheless, in order to accomplish the weighing of lives inherent in Barzun's approach, one must necessarily use some standard of valuation with which one might measure the lives involved. Otherwise, rational judgment and justification is lacking. Barzun does not give us a standard for judgment. But we do know that he would not weigh all lives equally because he criticizes weak-minded abolitionists who "speak of the sanctity of life, but have no concern with its quality." I assume that Barzun has his own standard of preferences that dictate his judgments about the "quality" of another's life, but it remains hidden deep within his breast. How can men lacking omniscience measure the degree of usefulness, or the quality, of another human life? In short Barzun, who finds abolitionists "inconsistent, narrow or blind" and criticizes them for being given to making "illicit jumps" in their reasoning, does not find it necessary to explicate this crucial point. To use Barzun's words, "The inquiring mind wants to know, why . . .?"

ARVAL A. MORRIS
Professor of Law
University of Washington

May I express complete agreement with Mr. Barzun's article on capital punishment?

Are you acquainted with the passage in Alexis Carrel's *Man, the Unknown* (Harpers, 1935) on this subject? I think it would interest you, and provide a good supporting quote for Mr. Barzun.

There remains the unsolved problem of the immense number of defectives and criminals. They are an enormous burden for the part of the population that has remained normal. As already pointed out, gigantic sums are now required to maintain prisons and insane asylums and protect the public against gangsters and lunatics. Why do we preserve these useless and harmful beings? The abnormal prevent the development of the normal. This fact must be squarely faced. Why should society not dispose of the criminals and the insane in a more economical manner? We cannot go on trying to separate the responsible from the irresponsible, punish the guilty, spare those who, although having committed a crime, are thought to be morally innocent. We are not capable of judging men. However, the community must be protected against troublesome and dangerous elements. How can this be done? Certainly not by building larger and more comfortable prisons, just as real health will not be promoted by larger and more scientific hospitals. Criminality and insanity can be prevented only by a better knowledge of man, by eugenics, by changes in

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education and in social conditions. Meanwhile, criminals have to be dealt with effectively. Perhaps prisons should be abolished. They could be replaced by smaller and less expensive institutions. The conditioning of petty criminals with the whip, or some more scientific procedure, followed by a short stay in hospital, would probably suffice to insure order. Those who have murdered, robbed while armed with automatic pistol or machine gun, kidnapped children, despoiled the poor of their savings, misled the public in important matters, should be humanely and economically disposed of in small euthanasic institutions supplied with proper gases. A similar treatment could be advantageously applied to the insane, guilty of criminal acts. Modern society should not hesitate to organize itself with reference to the normal individual. Philosophical systems and sentimental prejudices must give way before such a necessity. The development of human personality is the ultimate purpose of civilization.

S. G. MORLEY
University of California

This is intended as a small counterbalance to the many letters you received favoring the abolition of capital punishment. I am in substantial agreement with your reasons for the retention of judicial homicide. Among them I found some I had not thought of and clear statements of others that I had.

Obviously capital punishment is not a complete deterrent to murder, but I believe that it does have some deterrent effect. Your article caused me to reread an article by my grandfather, Ira Allen, published in the *Christian Palladium* in 1848. He was a preacher in the Christian denomination soon after it was founded in New England. Consequently he sought support for his thesis in the Bible history.

He began with the questions: "Is not all punishment in its nature and design reformatory? If so, ought not capital punishment to be abolished?" His conclusion was that although the person executed cannot reform, "others can and may reform and be benefited by his punishment. . . . For the salvation of the world, the overthrow and destruction of the incorrigible and the impenitent is necessary."

My Unwelcome Guests (Lippincott, 1959) by Frederick M. Baldi, M.D., a retired warden of Pennsylvania prisons, left me with the impression that he favors judicial homicide, although I noted only that he believes in "more firmness and less politics in the treatment of criminals, including juveniles."

SHERMAN A. ALLEN
Worcester, Massachusetts

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An Unprofessional Eye . . . . . .

Donors: Dollars: Dolors

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

The signal, a frown from Washington, was passed with no advance warning one mid-January afternoon—and within hours a legion of art donors and philanthropists was caught in full ambuscade. Fifteen-hundred-word front-page volleys from the *New York Times* rattled down at kickbacks, tax fixes, museum deals, indian-giving, soaring art prices and false appraisals; out-of-town editorialists added thunder to the barrage; newsmagazines hustled in from the flanks with gas. (*Time* hissed that the United States Internal Revenue Service as a patron of the arts had "made Lorenzo the Magnificent look like a piker"; *Newsweek* pasted a ring of vandals charged with abandoning a two-million-dollar Rembrandt on the doorstep of the Metropolitan Museum of New York.) Long before the professional world of art realized, all incredulously, that it needed a defense, half the field was lost—yet another original American venture in search of "the great community," as Dewey called it, had been transformed into a racket in the sacred name of News.

As would be assumed, the techniques employed in effecting the transformation had at moments a certain cheap-sparkler brilliance. The *Times,* ever-knowing about the Old Country, quoted Sir Colin Anderson's 1961 annual report for the Tate Gallery, which lamented the Gallery's inability to strengthen its collections by purchases in the current art market, and blamed high prices on American grants of tax privileges to collectors and donors. The newspaper did not add that the most potent men in the English art world, with Sir Anthony Blunt's support, are attempting to introduce a comparable system of privileges into English tax law; neither did it establish that its solicitude for English galleries was founded on any larger principle than that of a snobbish Anglophilia. *Newsweek* managed to hint that, since the gifts of purchase money for the Rembrandt canvas of "Aristotle Gazing Upon the Bust of Homer" were tax deductible, the givers might themselves have been interested in jacking up the price. The magazine did not bother to point out that the painting's appreciation in value between its last sale in the thirties and the present one was less than that of telephone stock in the same period. But the basic ploy was an old staple—standard-form guilt by association—and its use in this campaign was as crude as any hitherto recorded. Philanthropy and Art have their tradesmen, the press seemed to have told itself: what better way to savage both than by proving that their hired help is corrupt?

The help in question—and its near relations in orthodox finance—were of course sitting, vulgar ducks. Market letters of the racier investment houses tout artists as growth stocks. (". . . people with money are speculating in art like [*sic*] they do in stocks. . . . If you want to make money there's a great group of only partially recognized talent to choose from, here are some of the names—Forst, Leslie, Segal, Grillo, Wolf-Kahn, Frank, Katz, McElroy—the Museum of Modern Art is showing the

✪ BENJAMIN DEMOTT teaches English at Amherst College. Four of his reports for the SCHOLAR will be included in his book, *Hells and Benefits, Essays on American Minds, Matters and Possibilities,* to be published this summer by Basic Books.

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work of 16 younger artists—there's money in art, I know from experience. You can become a Friend of the Whitney Museum if you want to along with Armand Erpf of Loeb, Rhoades & Co. and Joseph Hirshhorn of uranium riches, Roy Neuberger and Howard Lipman who somehow or other get there first and most quietly each year with one of the most spectacular stocks—this year it was Universal Match—they were in long before people I know told me about it": Walter Gutman, for Shields and Company, 1960.) Advertisements of publications like the *Art Market Guide and Forecaster* rank among the exotic sights of financial pages. (". . . the fabulous Art Market . . . a market where gains totalling 19,000,000% have been made by a 'blue chip' Old Master . . . not Rembrandt, but Vermeer! . . . where 50,000-60,000% gains in one's own lifetime are not uncommon . . . where modern artist Buffet soared from $10 to $12,000 in only twelve years . . . where rapid, even sudden, *doubling and tripling of prices* in a single year is literally normal for painters for whom demand continues to outstrip supply . . . where 'new unknowns' and 'rediscovered masters' can go up 1000% in just *months!")* And at least one dealer has himself issued a hardsell pamphlet about art and tax deductions in which special varieties of the latter are playfully described as "classic gambits."

It was this pamphlet—a work called "Art and Taxes" produced by Prentice-Hall for French & Company, New York art dealers—that the *Times* used as the center of its "argument" against art donations. The newspaper, whose self-congratulating probity has rarely in recent days seemed more fatuous than throughout the art-tax episode, played a photograph of the pamphlet's cover in double columns: *see what these knaves are doing.* Beneath the photograph was an account of the publication's printing history that reported that thousands of copies were already in circulation among lawyers and accountants: *everybody's at this trough.* And, to sharpen the indictment, the *Times* then produced a quotation from the pamphlet telling the story of a collector who had made more money by giving away (to a museum, via a "classic gambit") a painting that had appreciated considerably in value, than he could have made by selling the picture in the open market: *is it not shocking that our tax laws encourage rich people to give works of art to the public instead of trading them back and forth among themselves?*

Few reasonable men would affirm that enthusiasm for the language of classic gambits and socko profits bespeaks delicate taste. Few more would claim that the crudity of a tradesman is evidence of the depravity of his customers—or of trade itself. The press treatment of the art donors, not a unique example of failure to see "cultural issues" in their connectedness and social consequences, offered no evidence of any kind bearing on the central questions involved in the matter of United States tax policy and museum gifts. The omission strengthened the innuendo, of course, but it rendered the issues all the more obscure.

As it happens, the issues in question are by no means overwhelmingly complicated. Two problems necessarily figure in a responsible assessment of tax policies and donations, namely the validity of the general theory of the tax deduction itself (any form of deduction), and the relation between the public interest and the privately held collection of objects of art. A glance at present tax policy as developed by legislative and administrative action over the years suggests why these matters are central.

The principle that contributions to charitable and other nonprofit organizations entitle taxpayers to tax deductions was embraced in federal statutes during the First World War. The first subsequent event of significance in the present context was an informal opinion of Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, attesting the legality of gifts to museums under terms that in effect permit donors to give now and deliver later. (The opinion was delivered at the time Stone, as a trustee of the National Gallery, was considering the terms proposed for the gift of the Rosenwald collection.) An equally important event was the revision of the Internal Revenue Code in 1954. This revision

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gave sanction to the informal ruling about lendbacks: the donor formally assigns the art object in question to a museum, thereby qualifying for a current tax deduction; the museum for its part agrees not to claim its full rights of ownership until after the donor's death, and in the meantime lends the donated object back to the donor. And in addition the revised section of the code raised the rate of deduction from twenty to thirty per cent for gifts to religious, medical and educational institutions. (The Internal Revenue Service later ruled that museums, libraries and several other comparable institutions do not qualify as educational institutions; taxpayers who donate to them are extended only the original twenty per cent deduction.)

A third development of note, the one that set off the press attack, was an announcement last winter by Mortimer J. Caplin, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, that he and his aides were dissatisfied with the appraisals submitted by donors of art objects in support of claims for tax deductions (the law specifies that such deductions shall be based on the "fair market value" of the donated objects). Caplin cited cases in which the sale of a picture for, say, six or seven thousand dollars had been tied to agreements that the seller would later provide an appraisal certifying that the value of the painting was twenty or thirty thousand dollars. With the appraisal in hand, the purchaser would donate the picture to a museum under the lendback arrangement that allowed him to keep it in his own house until his death, and thereafter claim a tax deduction for the full amount of the "fixed" estimate. The Commissioner made it plain that he did *not* mean his comments about appraisals to imply any question whatever about the fundamental validity of deductions for donations.

That tax deductions, considered in general, are thorny matters is well-known. Public unease about aspects of the system is reflected in a thousand jokes, and laughter probably does not allay all suspicions. The suspicions, however, have not led to any public probing of the basic assumptions of the system. Leftist writers in England regularly ask themselves whether a representative government, having fixed the rates of taxation in accordance with the public interest, is ever justified—either on the theory that the private citizen can spend the money to better advantage than the government can, or with some other notion in mind—in "giving back" any portion of the money it claims. In asking this question they imply that the tax concession in fact concedes funds rightly belonging to the public; the state, as one English writer put it recently, is "hand[ing] over to private individuals a certain amount of public money which they can use much as they choose and the proceeds of which they can enjoy in an exclusive way during the rest of their lifetime."

But whatever the virtues of the argument that tax concessions are improper government subsidies to private individuals, the argument has not won enough favor here to undermine public faith in the system as a whole. Some citizens have reservations about the phenomenon of the so-called "double deduction": the Oklahoma oilman who gives a portion of his future production to a college deducts both the income anticipated from this portion, and an additional sum calculated on the basis of "depleted reserves." Others are uncertain about the merits of the so-called children's trusts: a taxpayer who finds himself in an irritating tax bracket can escape from it by transferring some of his income to a trust in the name of his own child. (He must pay taxes on the income of this income, of course, but if he has arranged affairs sensibly, and has not been saddled with a successful delinquent or a profitable child actress, his overall rate of taxation will be lowered by the device.) But the chief ingredients of deductibility, in homely metaphor, have been thoroughly folded into the batter of a cake of custom that few American taxpayers affect to despise. This being so, the newspaper identification of deductions with double-dealing was more than a shade disingenuous. An issue *could* be raised about the theory implicit in the principle of deductibility, but the press did not raise one: it simply used a tag phrase to stimulate generalized suspicion of art and riches.

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The second problem mentioned above, that concerning the relation between the public interest and the privately held collection of works of art, arises because the effect of the relevant sections of the revenue code is to guarantee that in the future most significant works of art in America will become public property instead of being passed on from generation to generation within a single family. A rich man's attachments can, of course, be as passionate as those of a poor man. And an owner may elect to retain possession of a picture indefinitely in the hope that it will prove to be one of the great gushers celebrated in *Art Market Guide*. But from a financial point of view, one that the rich are more likely to settle for than other people, a person who holds valuable pictures as part of a personal estate plainly is a sentimentalist. If, in short, the law can be said in one sense to allow concessions to contributors, in another sense it can be said to exact contributions of works of art—by penalizing those who do not make them. It is precisely here that the uncommon—to Europeans almost mystifying—concern of the United States Government for the public interest in masterpieces manifests itself most strikingly.

Citizens who believe that the state has an obligation to nourish private vanities in generations unborn find it difficult to approve such concern. And the same holds true for people who doubt that Yeats's remark that the "appreciation of any great thing is an act of self-conquest" is applicable to the problem of the perpetual private possession of great works of art. But there have been a number of episodes in the history of American collecting that work to support prejudice against family-held collections. The famous Barnes Foundation of Merion, Pennsylvania, owns an extraordinary collection of paintings—two hundred Renoirs, a hundred Cézannes, dozens of Matisses, a score of Soutines, not to speak of El Grecos, Titians, endless treasures. Many pictures in the collection actually reshape whole conceptions, existing, to be sure, in an unprofessional eye, of certain great gifts —a *commanding* Seurat, Renoirs in which the veil parts to reveal—in a strongly composed, although shy and reluctant, familial gesture of a worker—conflicts of love and labor that speak as movingly as Zola about money as the blood of the poor. The story of the collector (Dr. Albert C. Barnes) who chose these pictures is richly in the American grain; a poor boy turned chemist amasses a fortune with a patent medicine, educates his taste, is wounded by the condescension of his Philadelphia "betters," rages at them and at the "effete apparatus" of art criticism, and ends his life violently, having been celebrated as a kind of original genius by a number of influential American minds. (The story is effectively told in William Schack's *Art and Argyrol,** a first-rate work of its kind.) And the man himself, often a ruthless brute, nevertheless deserved the celebration: although a few professionals still resent the indignities he made them suffer, and some mock his heavy monographs on Cézanne and Renoir (despite his study and despite his determination to be a fiercely *practical* critic, Dr. Barnes plainly went to the grave without understanding what Cézanne was about), he was surely among the first American writers to grasp the massive implications of the new psychology for the study of art.

But not a word of all this alters the truth that the history of the Barnes Foundation is a powerful argument against privately held collections. Nearly ten years of litigation preceded the admission of the public to the gallery on even a limited basis—although the Foundation for decades enjoyed public subsidy in the form of a tax-exempt status. The collection itself is hung in a depressingly tendentious manner, as though the function of each object were to serve the ego of a dead man. Eager to assert the unity of "art activity," Barnes and his followers distractingly linked battered Dutch cupboards and Matisses, old hinges and latches and Cézannes, andirons and Renoirs. The gallery seethes with obtrusive Pinkerton men and women ("No, no pictures." "Oh—but not even outside? On the grounds?" "I *said,* 'No pictures.' ") and its air seems still taut with the frustration of one man's desperate effort to get his own

* *Yoseloff. $4.95.*

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back from a few thick, unbrotherly, unloving Philadelphia snobs. Last December, writing in the English periodical *Museums Journal,* Richard Wollheim commented on the absence among ordinary Englishmen of a sense of democratic participation or of athomeness in English galleries: ". . . the divisive aspects of our culture go deep. Just as Art is thought to belong to Them, so museum-directors are thought to be Them." The feeling described by these words is precisely that engendered by a visit to Merion: Visitors Admitted But Hated. No one who has experienced it can doubt the wisdom of policies that further the cause of public ownership of works of art.

The attack on the art donors in the news columns was not followed, as might have been hoped, either by a serious editorial address to the issues just mentioned, or by a word of apology. Respected figures in the world of art met in January to devise a system of standardized appraisals that would satisfy the authorities whose moderate questions had been taken by the papers as the ground for wrath. The Art Dealers Association proposed that the Internal Revenue Service henceforth ask appraisers to submit not simply a one-sentence appraisal of probable value, but instead a substantial justification of every estimate, together with a statement of their own qualifications as appraisers; it also suggested the use of disinterested panels of experts to render final judgments in disputes between tax collector and taxpayer over "fair market value." Art periodicals took up the subject in a careful manner, pointing out certain difficulties in these suggestions. Observing that a statement of professional qualifications would not in itself be sufficient to establish the authority of an appraiser, an editorialist for *Art News* argued that every estimate should be accompanied by an account of the relationship of the appraiser to the work involved: ". . . is he the dealer who sold it, or a rival of the dealer who did, or is he a professional appraiser, unrelated to the preceding, who simply receives a normal professional fee for his service?" And the journal went on to assert:

> There ought to be some clear distinction between bona-fide collectors and present-day operators for short-term gains: if a work has been owned for less than five years, or perhaps less than three years, by the donor who is claiming a tax credit based on its appreciation in value in this period, he would be required to present his original invoice along with his current appraisal so that perhaps an average between the two could be used to approximate more closely the true value.

The chief interest discernible in professional discussions of these matters was not that of private profit but rather, as the quoted editorial asserted, that of insuring the continuance of "reasonable advantages [which] excite the admiration of all Europeans interested in art, for they have helped America add to its public collections all manner of masterpieces, while the great public collections of Europe have been lying . . . dormant." And the Internal Revenue Service responded without cynicism to the proposals developed. But for the press the issue, simple chicanery and tax-dodging, never altered. "Knowing that a Federal crackdown could make buyers overcautious," said the *Times* (whose original outburst had been critized in art periodicals as "arrant twaddle"), "leaders in art sales moved quickly. . . ."

Not the least significant reason for regretting the repetition of innuendo about donations to public galleries is that legislation giving further encouragement to donors has been introduced in Congress. For some years the Association of American Museums, the American Library Association and other professional organizations have been engaged in a strenuous campaign to put an end to the tax discrimination against the institutions they represent. Before the press outcry summarized above they had made progress. Legislation permitting a thirty per cent deduction for gifts to the institutions in question—not merely to churches, hospitals and schools—had been introduced in Congress by Republicans and Democrats alike. Secretary of Labor Goldberg had given his backing to these bills at the time he set forth his seven-point program for an Arts Council. A

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few newspapers in cities with strong galleries—the *Chicago Sun-Times* was a notable example—had taken up the cause. And museum officials were planning a convention at which new action toward the goal was to be shaped.

Doubtless the associations involved will continue their efforts and possibly in the end they will have an effect. Certainly the galleries are not in the position of being unable to offer counter statistics of their own. The dry voice listing art donors' dollar-and-cents tax advantages can be matched against the voice of the museum director giving names and numbers of accessions traceable to tax policy. No full record of these accessions has been made, but reports from individual galleries—for example the St. Louis Art Museum, which in the space of a few years added Picassos, Van Goghs, Manets and Cézannes to its holdings—indicate that such a record would be impressive. It *is* true that a saved dollar is more palpable than an experience of a citizen's eye—and inward being—in a place of beauty. "Arts bills" in the best of circumstances rarely make their way through Congressional committees without stirring resentment and embarrassment; the suspicions aroused last January will make the progress of the legislation a good deal more difficult.

To focus on the dimming chances of new encouragement for donors, however, is to blur the significant point. The idea of culture as the way of life of a nation has still to win common acceptance; "cultural affairs" continue to exist in most minds as matters remote from the prime concerns of the day; a press episode of careless lighthearted philistinism is not yet felt to be an event of first importance. But this situation cannot last much longer. As labor is displaced from its traditional position at the center of human life, a search will begin for a new center; and "cultural affairs," advanced education, projects of recreation and self-development will then either cease to be thought of as piffling decorative elements of experience, or organized life itself will be endangered. To say that the press will determine how such matters are thought of, or to claim that the future described is already at hand, would be extravagant. But as an institution experienced in recognizing new needs, defining continuities of democratic concern, comprehending social consequences, the press has a large responsibility. The question of whether it will accept the responsibility of creating belief in the reality of inner experience—as in the past it helped to create American belief in the reality of foreign experience—cannot be answered on the basis of a single front-page tempest. But it is as plain that an effort to make a scandal out of the enrichment of the nation's museums and libraries is an unpromising beginning as it is that the future in question is in no sense utterly remote.

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The Revolving Bookstand

The Symbolic Mode of Thought

ESSAYS AND INTRODUCTIONS. *By W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. $6.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT LANGBAUM

Yeats and Eliot have quite clearly emerged by now as the two greatest English-speaking poets of the first half of the twentieth century, and Yeats's reputation as a poet has in recent years been pulling ahead of Eliot's. Yet their reputations as critics are not even comparable; Yeats's literary criticism is little known. While Eliot's influential *Selected Essays* has been constantly in print since 1932, the Yeats essays reprinted here have been for many years available only in large libraries. The present handsomely printed collection includes the two volumes of essays called *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1896-1903) and *The Cutting of an Agate* (1903-1915), which are by far Yeats's best criticism. It includes also some later essays and introductions, and the hitherto unpublished "General Introduction" and "Introduction for My Plays" that Yeats wrote for the projected edition of all his works that never came off.

There would be nothing remarkable in this disparity of critical reputations were it not that Yeats had as active a critical mind as Eliot's. Indeed it may be because Yeats states his critical ideas in his poetry, whereas Eliot's poems only illustrate his, that we have felt less need to turn to Yeats's critical prose. Another reason perhaps is that a great deal of Yeats's critical effort went into forms other than essays of strictly literary criticism. It went into the three-volume edition of Blake that he did with Edwin Ellis, into his transcriptions of Irish folklore, and into the two books elaborating his historical and metaphysical system. All this, although not recognized as criticism, has had an important influence on taste. The main reason, however, for Yeats's small standing as a critic is that we needed Eliot's criticism before we could be ready for Yeats's. Because we are now ready, the appearance of this volume—which in any case would be an important event given Yeats's standing as a poet—is the most important literary event of the past year. It should establish Yeats as a critic who is in his own way comparable to Eliot and who, now that Eliot has had his say, will exercise more influence than Eliot on the critical thought of the immediate future.

Eliot has a surer taste than Yeats. Yeats began his career in an unfortunate period, the nineties, and his loyalties remained parochial. His *Oxford Book of Modern Verse* shows that as late as 1936 he could not distinguish the important figures of the modern movement. In these essays, he overestimates William Morris and speaks of Rossetti's painting with a seriousness laughable at this distance. Yet he is a better theoretical critic than Eliot. In tracing, in his great essay, "Art and Ideas," his own development from a superficial to what he calls "our more profound Pre-Raphaelitism," he traces the main line of English poetic development not only since Rossetti

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but since Blake, and from Blake back to an ageless pre-Renaissance tradition. As a reaction against Victorian didacticism, the Pre-Raphaelites said they wanted a poetry of pure sensation and no thought. But Yeats came to realize that they wanted to recover through sensation the profoundest possible thought—that symbolic mode of thought that is the common ground of poetry, philosophy and religion, and compared to which thinking as a separated activity, Tennyson's moralizing for example, is a pale nervous twitching that inevitably serves "some shape of vulgar pride."

Eliot helped us regain our lost taste for the poetry of wit, and he delineated a tradition of that poetry which he called "the main current." Yeats, who has not a word to say about wit—it would have been better for his taste if he had—shows us a tradition that makes Eliot's, now that we have absorbed his lesson, look like a local divagation. It was because Yeats tried to make us understand more deeply the taste we already had, that we had to be weaned away from that taste by Eliot before Yeats's criticism could look fresh to us. Yeats's poetry, on the other hand, is by its example largely responsible for the present eminence of Keats and especially Blake. We could see by the direction Yeats had gone what Keats was driving at; in learning to read Yeats, we learned to read Blake. There is no better way to understand the romantic poets than to read backward to them from Yeats. For Yeats shows us in his poetry and criticism the sense in which they are not merely ecstatic but intellectual, not untraditional but part of an older and wider tradition than the comparatively recent and specialized one called "classical."

Yeats's 1897 essay, "William Blake and the Imagination," is still one of the best things you will read anywhere on Blake; and "The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry," written in 1900, anticipates the grounds on which Shelley is only just now beginning to be revived. Yeats takes seriously Mrs. Shelley's warning that Shelley seems vague because " 'it requires a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own' " to follow him; he says of Shelley's "Mont Blanc" that it is "so overladen with descriptions in parentheses that one loses sight of its logic." In his 1906 essay, "Discoveries," Yeats makes clear the point of his Shelley essay: "Shelley seemed to Matthew Arnold to beat his ineffectual wings in the void, and I only made my pleasure in him contented pleasure by massing in my imagination his recurring images of towers and rivers, and caves with fountains in them, and that one Star of his, till the world had grown solid underfoot and consistent enough for the soul's habitation." Shelley's symbols are traditional and archetypal, and they make a coherent order. He is, as a recent book on him has it, a modern myth-maker in the manner of Blake and Yeats.

As for the advantage of such symbolism, you will find no better explanation of it than this:

> It is only by ancient symbols, by symbols that have numberless meanings besides the one or two the writer lays an emphasis upon, or the half-score he knows of, that any highly subjective art can escape from the barrenness and shallowness of a too conscious arrangement, into the abundance and depth of Nature. The poet of essences and pure ideas must seek in the half-lights that glimmer from symbol to symbol as if to the ends of the earth, all that the epic and dramatic poet finds of mystery and shadow in the accidental circumstances of life.

This is theoretical criticism of a high order, and the idea of natural abundance is applied to drama in the remarkable one-paragraph "Emotion of Multitude" (1903). A play ought not to be equated with its fable, but ought to suggest "the rich . . . half-seen world" from which the fable emerges as a kind of clearing in the forest. Greek drama does this with the chorus's mythical allusions; Shakespeare, with his subplots; and the moderns, by referring the meaning of the action to a vague symbol, like Ibsen's wild duck. Formulated meaning must, in other words, be absorbed in unformulated or symbolic meaning.

In praising in a 1910 essay the plays of Synge, his friend and fellow-writer for the Abbey Theater, Yeats attacks the naturalis-

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William Hazlitt

By Herschel Baker. "Exhilaration is Hazlitt's signature as a critic," Mr. Baker says; this book is his demonstration. Hazlitt is alive here. Rapid, keen, blunt, the man is one with his work. Isolated and acute, Hazlitt saw all men and things in his time. Politics, poetry, drama, art—"the thoughts of a metaphysician expressed by a painter"—coincide in his essays. Romantic personalities fill his life—Haydon, Keats, Lamb, Leigh Hunt share in a book that does justice to the man and his work, from the early writings through his great essays in successive numbers of the *London Magazine*. *A Belknap Press Book* $10.00

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tic drama because it sacrifices the artificial conventions by which the inner life is expressed, leaving everything "to be inferred from some commonplace sentence or gesture." He describes, in "Certain Noble Plays of Japan" (1916), his own search as playwright for the most artificial possible conventions. There, and in "The Tragic Theater" (1910), he takes exception to the modern worship of character in drama. "In mainly tragic art one distinguishes devices to exclude or lessen character," he says, for "tragedy must always be a drowning and breaking of the dykes that separate man from man." Yeats is interested in magic, which he defines as "the power of many minds to become one." This is appropriate to an age whose psychology deals with consciousness at a depth below individuation. To read through character to that depth, Yeats wanted a drama of ritualized movements and of faces like those faces in certain great paintings and sculptures that are nonvital and even empty of expression. If the ritualistic and poetic drama has not caught on, it is not because Yeats was wrong in what he thought had to be done. It is probably because an adequate drama is impossible in our time when only the lyric poet and the novelist, with their freedom to describe and analyze, can move from the naturalistic surface through the conscious inner life, which used to be the subject of drama, down to life at its unconscious depths.

Because of his psychological and literary acuity, Yeats makes viable again in these essays a kind of criticism that has been *verboten* these last forty years. In talking about the work, he talks about the author—using each to reveal the essence of the other. He can do this because, unlike the old-fashioned biographical critics, he knows how deeply you have to delve to find the point where a man's life touches his art. But he also knows, unlike many psychoanalytic critics of today, how to navigate between psychological and literary symbols. In his "Spenser" (1902), he connects Spenser's limitation as a poet with his inability to learn anything from Ireland in all his years there in the service of the English crown. Spenser might have found "still unfaded," in the archaic art of the Irish storytellers, that kingdom of Faery of which his own *Faerie Queen* "was often but a troubled image." His limitation as a poet is that he wrote allegory without being a visionary. Spenser is fine as a pastoral poet and a "poet of the delighted senses," but his allegory, instead of arising from his poetic sensibility, is merely tacked on to moralize his song. There is implicit here that distinction between allegory, which bores Yeats, and symbolism, which he loves, that is at the heart of modern poetic doctrine.

Yeats's Spenser gives evidence of that "dissociation of sensibility" from thought that Yeats was writing about long before Eliot named it and that Yeats has explored even more fully than Eliot. For Yeats connects Spenser's character and poetry with his historical moment. Spenser was trying to reconcile a nostalgic feeling for the old Catholic and feudal England with that Puritan religion that, as the harbinger of the new bourgeois order, was destructive of Spenser's sensuous genius. The Puritan religion, says Yeats in a statement reminiscent of Marx and Tawney, "denied the sacredness of an earth that commerce was about to corrupt and ravish." Yeats derives from the split between Spenser's sensuous genius and his "official and impersonal" morality a history of English poetry, which he sketches out in a few sentences. Spenser's pastoral poetry belongs to the old Merry England, where civilization seemed as beautiful as nature. For pastoral poetry is set in a garden, the beauty of which is no less owing to man than to nature, whereas, in modern poetry, nature must be wild, with no hand of man on it. Shelley's landscapes are wilder than Spenser's, his figures more ideal—their virtues are no longer social virtues.

The extent of Spenser's failure already points to a time when poets will no longer be able to serve a public ethos. "Poetry of the will," the poetry that serves a preordained commitment, is no longer possible,

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because what we know is no longer congruent with what we imagine. "The poet is not stirred to imaginative activity by a life which is surrendering its freedom to ever new elaboration, organisation, mechanism. He has no longer a poetical will, and must be content to write out of those parts of himself which are too delicate and fiery for any deadening exercise." This explains the dissolution of rhetoric and the decline of the long poem of overt meaning in favor of the short symbolic lyric of high intensity.

> Every generation has more and more loosened the rhythm, more and more broken up and disorganized, for the sake of subtlety of detail, those great rhythms which move, as it were, in masses of sound. Poetry has become more spiritual, for the soul is of all things the most delicately organized, but it has lost in weight and measure and in its power of telling long stories and of dealing with great and complicated events.

The later essays show a marked decline in intellectual vigor, although they coincide with the period when Yeats was writing his intellectually most vigorous poetry. In his reviews of books on Indian religion, however, you feel his shimmering wonder that there really is such a country as India, where poetry and religion are one and part of the everyday life of a society organized on the assumption—an assumption acted on extravagantly—that man has a soul. It is the sort of country he had hoped Ireland would be, with its mystical Celtic heritage. But Ireland wanted only to be another England; the Irish nationalist movement had been taken over by the same Puritan, utilitarian middle class that rules everywhere in the West.

"Poetry and Tradition" (1907), which tells the story of Yeats's connection with the Irish nationalist movement, throws light on such political poems as "Paudeen" and "September 1913." But it is even more important as a contribution to the ever-burning question of *engagement*—of how far the artist can serve his art and a political cause. Yeats, who was the most consistently engaged of the great modern writers in English, says that the poet can serve only such large-minded political leaders as O'Leary, to whom it was "as clear that a writer must not write badly, or ignore the examples of the great Masters in the fancied or real service of a cause, as it was that he must not lie for it or grow hysterical." By writing well the artist serves the only society he can serve—the ideal society that is "bound together," as Yeats says in another essay, "by imaginative possessions," in which style and manners, as he says here, are organically related. Yeats speaks of his Ireland as imaginary, just as he speaks in his poetry of his *dream* of nobleman and peasant. His position is not one for the polls. The character of nobleman and peasant, and the relation between them, is a myth that under other names still informs our moral and political thinking. The artist is the guardian of the mythical identity without which a society can have no character, no aims, no shape. There was a moment when the ideal and the real Ireland seemed to be one, and that was a great moment when artists could serve men of action, when the heroic past seemed to have come alive again. But when it became more important to win than to have the thing you were fighting for, then the guardians of Ireland's character became, like other European artists, "protesting individual voices."

The fact that politics are discussed in a context of poetry and tradition shows the range and coherence of Yeats's thought. In the best of these essays, which like Yeats's great poems stir the whole mind into activity, we see the value of literary criticism as a mode of thought. For in taking off from poems and fictions, the critic has an idiom that permits him to discuss large ideas without losing hold of sensuous reality. His thought, rising out of and referring back to poems and fictions, carries with it its own prelogical source from which it can draw refreshment. Criticism is a way of thinking discursively without quite losing what Yeats here calls "the thinking of the body." It is a way of having, in Wordsworth's phrase, "knowledge not purchased by the loss of power."

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Advance and Withdrawal

CONGRESS AND THE COURT. *By Walter F. Murphy. University of Chicago Press. $6.95.*

Reviewed by JAMES ROWE

In the words of Chief Justice Taft, the Supreme Court is "a stormy petrel in the politics of the country." Since Marshall its decisions in the crucial periods of our history have often aroused strong antagonisms in the Executive and Legislative Branches and occasionally caused bitter, unremitting efforts to curb the Court's power to interpret Congressional statutes.

The author, a Princeton professor, describes his book as "a case study of the American political process" as it is revealed between Court and Congress. It begins with a competent if not brilliant summary of these struggles from Marshall, through *Dred Scott* and the Civil War period, to Franklin Roosevelt and the Hughes Court.

Its focus, however, is the Court of Chief Justice Warren and the segregation and civil liberties decisions of the past few years which have aroused so much controversy. Coupled with a few liberal opinions in the labor field, these decisions had the political effect of arraying powerful sections of the country and powerful interests in the nation against the Supreme Court. The Southerners, the superpatriots, the security-conscious elements of American society eventually coalesced into a formidable combination, guided by the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Bar Association.

These groups were unified in their purposes—to limit the power of the Supreme Court to declare Federal statutes unconstitutional, to limit the appellate jurisdiction of the Court and to reverse by statute those decisions that tended in the field of civil liberties to "interpret" existing statutes in favor of the private individual.

Professor Murphy has a thesis. Stated perhaps too simply, it is that at various times in our history the Court has gone too far in its assumption of power. Inevitably, and to borrow Toynbee, such action has created its own reaction. Usually the Congress, sometimes the Executive, moves to reassert its own power by limiting the Court's jurisdiction.

The result is stalemate. The crisis is resolved not by victory or defeat but by compromise. Within this peculiarly American politico-legal institution there appears to exist a built-in system of advance and withdrawal. The Court retreats: later decisions modify, narrowly limit or reverse, without saying so, the broad decisions that have provoked the controversy. Much the same process appears to take place in the Congress. The anger and excitement generated by the offended power groups in the American society appear to fade. Cooler and wiser heads take command, yield a little to the emotion but not much.

In pursuit of his thesis Professor Murphy takes us step by step from the Chambers of the Court to the committee rooms and the floors of House and Senate. He has done a prodigious amount of retracing the late fifties.

The *Jencks* case, the *Watkins* opinion, and several other decisions, and their counterbalancing legislative reforms, a few of them successful, are minutely examined.

The hero of the book, if any, is Vice President Lyndon Johnson, then the Senate Majority Leader who, according to the author, almost alone maneuvered the Congress away from its all-out attack. It is here a captious reviewer might wonder about the exactitude of the author's historical thesis. Is there always, in constitutional history, a Lyndon Johnson who coolly and deliberately preserves the coordinate three branches? But this is indeed captious for there is fundamental truth in the book. It is fascinating in its behind-the-scenes glimpses of the legislative process and in the multitudinous details of that process, even though one might wish there were not so many of them.

There is one profound criticism. A lawyer must cavil at the political scientist's

✪ JAMES ROWE, a Washington attorney, was law clerk to Mr. Justice Holmes, administrative assistant to President Roosevelt and Deputy Attorney General of the United States.

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belief that there is nothing to the judicial function other than a struggle for political power. That function is too traditional, too intellectual, too much the warp and woof of our Anglo-American background to dismiss its own substantive impact on the political questions themselves.

There are minor criticisms too. Does the author really believe that if the Warren Court possessed a stylist with the clarity of Holmes this would have made any real difference in the struggle between Court and Congress? Do some of the opinions Professor Murphy cites really stand for what he says they do? And Whitney North Seymour is an eminent member of the American Bar but he was never Hoover's Solicitor General.

They are beside the point. Essentially Professor Murphy has made a solid contribution to the understanding of the Supreme Court and the American political process.

An Indispensable Book

THE RHETORIC OF FICTION. *By Wayne C. Booth. University of Chicago Press. $6.95.*

Reviewed by WALLACE STEGNER

Not many books can be called indispensable. This one can. Only weeks after publication it shows signs of replacing all the standard discussions of the art of fiction among the graduate students of English who will be professors of English tomorrow; and it shows similar signs of catching the attention of apprentice writers, who generally are content to proceed by intuition, imitation and enthusiasm toward the slow learning of their trade.

For one thing, *The Rhetoric of Fiction* is exactly what John Crowe Ransom calls it on the jacket: "a beautifully organized discourse in an exceedingly complex field." It analyzes and systematizes and clarifies the art of fiction as no book ever has; and it grounds its discussion not on the practice of one man, as Percy Lubbock grounded *The Craft of Fiction* on the novels and prefaces of Henry James, but on the work of scores of novelists and scores of critics from the eighteenth century to the present. One result is to restore to us as authentic works of art those "omniscient" novels for which lately we have felt it necessary to make a half apology—they are great novels in spite of the fact that their authors didn't know how a novel should be written. It is Mr. Booth's contention, and he proves it, that they are great novels because their authors controlled the responses of their readers by a skilled and legitimate rhetoric.

Unraveling the threads of theory and technique in search of what great novelists have in fact done, Mr. Booth takes time for extended analytical readings of Fielding, Sterne, Jane Austen, Henry James, Joyce and others, and in the course of them demonstrates how to read closely without overreading. He would surely agree with James and Lubbock that the basic problem of fictional control is point of view, the stance the author takes, the mind or consciousness—whether his own or another's—through which he chooses to report and feel. By an act comparable to an anthropologist's "stepping out of the culture" in order to study it, Mr. Booth manages to escape the contemporary shibboleths, and to survey the development of fictional technique from the frankly intrusive author poking around in his own story to the "objective" author, "refined," as Joyce says, "out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails," leaving all problems of evaluation up to his reader.

That form of objectivity in which the author disappears behind a camera is not discussed at any great length in Mr. Booth's book, but first-person narrators clearly or dubiously different from the author are the subject of the whole latter portion. It is not narrative masks that he is primarily interested in. The author is not unmistakably behind these narrators any more than he is beside them commenting. Stephen Dedalus, Benjy, Meursault, Clamence, Laf-

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✪ WALLACE STEGNER is founder and director of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford University. He is the author of many short stories and more than a dozen books. His most recent is the novel, *A Shooting Star.*

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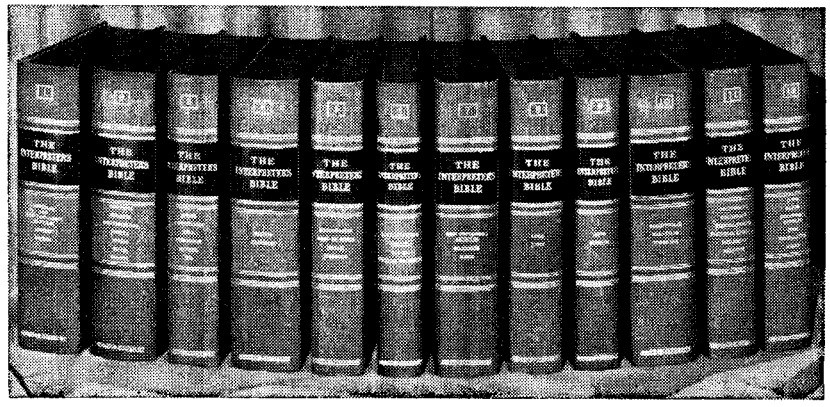

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cadio, Humbert Humbert—the contemporary novel is full of unreliable witnesses, each of them contributing to an increasing irony and ambiguity.

This irony, as Mr. Booth points out, is very different from that which pervades such a novel as *Huckleberry Finn,* where the reader always knows where he stands even when Huck does not. Many contemporary unreliable narrators we literally do not know how to take. Their first-person intimacy seduces us into a sort of sympathy with actions we would ordinarily repudiate; the discrepancy between the narrator's unevaluated attitudes and our own is so great that we are left groping and uncertain. For some novelists (and some readers too, although it is hard to see why) ambiguity has clearly become an end in itself, a means of displacement and shock, almost a synonym for reality; and the guidance that the old-fashioned author used to provide has been discarded in favor of letting the reader flounder to his own evaluations, if he can find any to flounder to. Given as few clues as Camus, for example, gives us about Meursault, whom he later described as "an exercise in objectivity," we find it hard to know whether we are dealing with the author or his creature, or part of the time with each. How do we read Bardamu in Céline's *Journey to the End of the Night?* How do we take Lafcadio, who in Gide's *Les Caves du Vatican* commits murder out of mere whim, for the mere twitch of it?

The dangers are real, for as Mr. Booth suggests, unreliability may be as clearly marked as Jason's in *The Sound and the Fury,* or it may be almost impossible to determine. Finding narrators slippery in one highly regarded novel, we may be led to doubt plain statements in another. A kind of literary Gresham's Law operates; bad narrators tend to drive out good. Not knowing where the author stands, and being unable to trust the man telling the story, we read everything with an anxious eye cocked for every possible ambiguity and irony, and as a consequence may overinterpret or even misread. Thus Nabokov's Humbert Humbert, whose direction seems to me clearly marked, has been frequently made more ambiguous than I believe he is; and so sound a critic as Edmund Wilson, taking the narrator of Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* as a brilliant imaginative construction of a "vaporish" poseur, lush and slob, was scolded by the irritated author: "The theme is myself, and the narrator . . . is also myself . . . I don't use 'heroes,' incidentally, nor do I write novels. I am the hero, and the book is myself."

As even a brief and inadequate sampling will indicate, *The Rhetoric of Fiction* is not an impartial book. Mr. Booth's learning is marshaled toward the exposition of a clear attitude, and the apparent impartiality of the early chapters is only a good debater's willingness to let the opposition state its case. The case is that the objective method, with its limitation of point of view, disappearing author, perhaps unreliable narrator and pervasive irony comes closer to reality, enlists more participation from a reader and hence gives a higher esthetic pleasure than the novel that used to permit a stage-manager author to contrive and steer everything.

To this position Mr. Booth makes two major demurrers. One is that although the author has the obligation to disguise himself, he neither can nor should disappear entirely. The other is that the ambiguity resulting from the unreliable narrator is not always a source of additional or higher esthetic pleasure, but is sometimes a disastrous artistic mistake.

"The author's voice is never really silenced," he says. "It is, in fact, one of the things we read fiction for." Even in the antinovels of Robbe-Grillet, to take an extreme example—novels that come at the reader like bugs at a windshield, and with somewhat the same effect on the vision—the author is not eradicated. The method itself, the fact that Robbe-Grillet is a "noun-man" and not a "verb-man," says something about him. Instead of eliminating selectivity, he has substituted selectivity of another kind. He is precisely as open to charges of manipulation—assuming that well-disguised manipulation is a weakness —as Jane Austen is.

Reading as he does for an intense ac-

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quaintance with the "suggested author," that hovering presence, hinted personality, implicit evaluator and judge, Mr. Booth finds the unreliable-narrator technique unsatisfactory precisely in the degree that it does succeed in eliminating the author. He wants reasonably clear clues when the author's attitudes differ from those of the narrator, and so, one suspects, do thousands of contemporary readers who expect from a novel more than the pleasures of puzzle-solving or the joys of confusion. (White rats can be made neurotic by such deliberate confusion of their expectations.) And quite apart from the degree and kind of pleasure to be derived from reading, Mr. Booth suspects that in developing the unreliable narrator to his logical conclusion, contemporary novelists of a certain kind have painted themselves into a corner that not even the ingenuity of a James or a Joyce can get them out of. For all the gains in intensity that the limited point of view and the invisible author make possible, the disappearance of the author reduces both the range of the novel's effects and the pleasures of the reading experience. Confusion, he would say, is not art, and objectivity is always a pretense, never a real possibility.

And the confusions, Mr. Booth has the nerve to say, are both intellectual and moral. He finds *Journey to the End of the Night,* insofar as he can understand Céline's own implicit attitudes at all, an immoral book, as immoral as it would be if it were grossly sentimental, because it presents a view of experience that Booth himself thinks false. Some, surely, will reject that moral judgment out of hand. And yet why should it not be made? The fact that a man is a poisoner, Oscar Wilde once said, has nothing to do with his prose. But a poisoner's view of life, shining through the cracks in the prose, surely has something to do with our judgment of his book. If we justify works of art solely because of their skill, then we may justify skill of any kind, and approve a strangler's stealth, a bomber's accuracy, a dictator's efficiency. What a book says does matter, and our understanding of what it says depends upon our ability to make that intense acquaintance with the "suggested author" that at least Mr. Booth and I read for.

Many people, reading this sane and cogent book, are going to feel as if doors and windows had been opened.

Speaking of Means and Ends

THE CONCEPT OF METHOD. *By Justus Buchler. Columbia University Press. $4.*

CASE METHOD IN HUMAN RELATIONS: The Incident Process. *By Paul and Faith Pigors. McGraw-Hill. $8.75.*

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

If, outside of Aesop, the animals talk to one another, it is not likely that they discuss Method. But it is one of the burdens of mankind in its present stage of advanced and diffused self-consciousness that it talks of little else. And this talk includes of course the methods by which animals go about their business successfully without so much as a mention of How to do it. The cure for the human obsession is not immediately obvious. I suppose that a moratorium would not work, but that a fuller awareness of the thing discussed might. I can report, at any rate, that I found myself wonderfully soothed and liberated by reading Justus Buchler's economical yet comprehensive essay, *The Concept of Method.*

Mr. Buchler is a professional philosopher who stands out from the rest of his academic colleagues: he is not a logical positivist, an analyst of language or an existentialist; nor is he a mere philosophic commentator or historian of philosophy, nor again an expositor of scientific method. He is—a philosopher. His system starts from the idea of human judgment considered as multiform action, and whatever the present lacunae of that system it gives the now rare feeling of having a steady connection with the wide world. The discussion of Method just published is a part of the system, and it nour-

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✪ JACQUES BARZUN is Dean of Faculties and Provost of Columbia University. His article on *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* will appear in a forthcoming issue of the SCHOLAR.

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ishes that same sense of concreteness duly perceived and categorized.

For Mr. Buchler Method is a notion that has been insufficiently studied and that, when studied, has been absurdly narrowed down. He takes up the definitions given by Bentham, Coleridge, Descartes, Dewey and Whitehead, and shows by analysis and homely example how inadequate they are. Method is not simply rules or routine, it is not equivalent to system; it is not control or instrument or theory, nor is it synonymous with intelligence. What it is emerges from the sculptural chipping away of what it is not, as done in this essay, which ends with an eloquent account of philosophic method. Mr. Buchler's strong grip on historical reality, his sensitiveness to the arts, his fertility in illustration and cogency in objection, relentlessly reshape the reader's mind, and prepare it to receive an understanding of Method as being at once rational and imaginative, deliberate yet flexible and requiring discretion, capable of novelty, and answerable only to man's chief merit and burden, which is the pluralism of purpose.

Having been given so much, one would be ungrateful to complain of small omissions, and it is true moreover that Mr. Buchler did not undertake to square his views with those of all the great philosophers. I nevertheless felt at several junctures that Pascal had something to contribute, especially as to the different paths of art and science. I also wished that method buried in instinct—the animals again—had received treatment, however brief, that might have opened the great neglected question of the passage of method from self-consciousness to habit, from knowledge to grace.

I may have been drawn to this last topic by the reading of a very different book, also on Method, but concerned only with everyday practical results. I refer to *Case Method in Human Relations* by the well-known writers on industrial conflicts, Paul and Faith Pigors. Their purpose in this painstaking work of description, prescription and analysis is to apply to all conceivable situations the methods that have served in the relations of labor and management. The underlying idea is to make students, in a group, aware of the motives and attitudes in a given social situation—the case—by discussing it from every point of view. The first awareness must of course be that of each student about the others' opinions. By thus doubling the task, the abstract case or incident acquires a vividness and instructive force otherwise unattainable.

The method so far is clear enough. It amounts to dramatizing on two planes—actual and imaginative—the report of some typical trouble. But wrapped up in the pedagogy is the method of settling social difficulties by sympathy and compromise. The rightness of this second method is quite properly taken for granted by our authors; it should form the subject of another work, which might use this admirably articulated textbook as its source.

For what these incidents and their solutions suggest is that modern democracy is substituting a new social ethics for the traditional one, hitherto unchallenged. Consider Miss Ordway, a young nurse in training at a hospital, who suddenly requests of her superior four days off to spend Thanksgiving with her family in Vermont. She is entitled to only one day off just then, although she has accumulated three more days' leave—contrary to rule—by earlier overtime. But she has given no advance notice of her wishes, and her four-day holiday is neither practicable nor fair to the other nurses. The girl is excited and threatens to quit. What shall the supervisor do? Fifteen pages of tight print, diagrammed and subdivided, show us all the antecedents and considerations and possible decisions and consequences surrounding the question. I can cite only a few: Vermont is far away and the nurse will spend a day traveling each way. Vermonters care more for Thanksgiving than other people do. The nurse is very young. Nurses are scarce. The rule against accumulating leave was broken through no fault of the girl's. If the nurse is made to stay, she will not be in a good frame of mind to take care of patients. An "integrative answer" to her request will help her to learn and mature emotionally.

There is more, much more, about the organizational attitude that the nurse should

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gently acquire and the human attitude that organizations should serenely exhibit, and the tendency of the whole is clear. The "method" of democracy is philanthropic, which is to say manipulative and condescending. The responsible parties must "understand" and "help" those who are not responsible and who do not understand. The liberal and Christian traditions here join hands in the work of forgiveness, conciliation and peace.

As we go through more of Mr. and Mrs. Pigors' situations, a thought from Mr. Buchler comes to mind: Method determines quality. The method of mercy advocated by the expert in social relations changes the character of every activity. In business, for instance, it turns management into a species of social work and psychiatry, while destroying the idea of set obligations and strict justice. In teaching, we are told how a teacher should regard himself: "as an ignorant man thinking, actively utilizing what he has got in the way of enthusiasm and experience, ability to ask productive questions, interest in and respect for what other people can contribute." In literary criticism, according to one of the most interesting of the Pigors' cases, namely the row over Mr. John Ciardi's review of Mrs. Lindbergh's poems, the act of judging poetry becomes unimportant in comparison with the attempt to make the angry readers friends again with the impetuous critic and his magazine. For this purpose we have to know the "background" of *The Saturday Review* (formerly *"of Literature"*), the vita of the editor and the age of the critic, who has a wife, three children and eight principles of book reviewing.

The assumption throughout is the social-scientific one that too much cannot be known. My citations should not be taken as irony but as incomplete illustration of the range of concern within each case. The authors' virtuosity in drawing out the implications of each fact is matched only by their imaginativeness in seeking out those facts. The method is thus the opposite of the legal, which restricts evidence for the sake of clear judgment. I confess that I do not see what Mr. Ciardi's family has to do with assessing the reviews he writes. And, what is worse, I think I do see how the total-situation method denatures literary criticism and every other form of thought: the reader no longer listens, he "interprets." He does not take in what he is offered; he accounts for it, he "understands" it and for all I know "forgives" it, in the light of extraneous knowledge—or rumor.

This effort to emulate all-goodness by omniscience is the counterpart of the employment situation, in which the nurse's innocent youth and Vermont birth afford her the special consideration of her superiors. The democratic method, we may conclude, is an extreme reaction against the heartless rigidity of the first industrial age. One thinks of the jotting in Hardy's notebooks about a wretched prostitute, gravely ill and sent out on the streets by her keeper, who pleaded in extenuation: "She knew the rules." The revolt against this literalism is as fully justified as it ever was. But by the familiar paradox of virtue overreaching itself, the modern ethical view of human beings as absolutely endowed with equal rights leads by degrees to the flouting of ethics and the reintroduction of inequality. For there can be no decent "right" of the selfish against the considerate, and there should be no privilege based on the ability to create scenes and throw over obligations. Nor can one call moral, or even kind, the encouragement of vanity and touchiness and self-importance such as so often results from applying the peace-at-any-price method in human relations.

If at the same time intellectual exchange is similarly vitiated—the critic being explained away, the teacher having to call himself an ignorant man—then the method and its assumptions, however benevolent in themselves, need revision. Fortunately, the candor and intelligence of the present exposition, comparable in these respects to Mr. Buchler's essay, open the way to that adaptability and use of discretion that the philosopher predicates of all true method.

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Recommended Summer Reading . . . . . .

by Members of the Editorial Board

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

A psychotherapist and teacher may be forgiven for remembering as summer reading a group of books about creatures who do not speak and yet convey a memorable message. Joy Adamson's *Born Free* (Pantheon, $4.95) is the story of the lioness Elsa who was raised in a human home yet reared her own wild-born offspring in the bush. I had ignored this book when it was a best seller; but to hear Julian Huxley tell of Elsa "bursting into a clearing in the Kenya bush" and nearly knocking over her human foster parents (and their visitors) with greetings of affection brought to awareness the import of the event: wild lion yet human companion, competent predator yet responsive to "No, Elsa, no." It is now in paperback (Hillman, $.75) and it has been followed by *Living Free* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), the story of Elsa's mating and maternity. In Lois Crisler's *Arctic Wild* (Harper, $4.95) a human couple raises a litter of Alaskan wolf puppies and learns to look a wolf in the eye "as clear as pure water, gray or gold or green according to mood and individual wolf." In these two books, then, two women make and record women's history; they extend their maternal empathy to beasts and invite a mutuality which must be nurtured, not "mastered."

Konrad Lorenz, in *King Solomon's Ring* (Thomas Y. Crowell Apollo, $1.95), adds new thought to such new experience. A famous physiologist and a bulky man, he learned to emit even in his sleep the tender gang-gang-gang of a mother goose to provide an adopted gosling with maternal "vicinity." Master of such interliving research, he offers the best and most readable introduction to the modern study of animal nature. Here again the lesson seems to be that our own improvement lies not in a haughty distantiation from the "beastly" in us or in animals, but in a recognition and cultivation of what beasts and we *also* have in common: a resource of empathy, individuality, peace. Anybody wanting to go deeper into the evolutionary theory involved here will appreciate *The Ethical Animal* (that's us) by C. H. Waddington (Atheneum, $5).

As continuation and contrast, John Lilly's *Man and Dolphin* (Doubleday, $4.95) is a disturbing as well as instructive book. An ingenious researcher, he fanatically set out to find in those playful and eminently social creatures, the dolphins, a mind that uses speech as we do; it may help us, he suggests, to understand invaders from outer space. What he has heard his captives say so far, is what I hope a dolphin in *his* right senses would not care to say except perhaps in mimicking man. But patience (on the part of dolphin and man) will delineate what verbal give and take is possible on this delicate frontier of trust and ferocity, of exploitation and persuasion.

ERIK H. ERIKSON

* * *

As this summer will be my ninetieth you may be sure that my reading will be light.

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My friends are already seeing to that. The best that has come is the volume of tales by Alvin Johnson entitled *The Battle of the Wild Turkey* (Atheneum, $4.50).

I would advise reading the best one-volume life of Lincoln, *Abraham Lincoln: A Biography,* by Benjamin Platt Thomas (Knopf, $5.75). You can then stand aside for the next three years and let most of the flood of periodical literature about him flow untroubled to the wastebasket.

By the time this appears in print we shall all have had a chance to put Hiram Haydn's new novel, *The Hands of Esau* (Harper, $7.50), on our reading list for summer. I am sure it will be something special.

GUY STANTON FORD

* * *

Since writing my review of George Lichtheim's *Marxism* (Praeger, $8.50) for the Spring SCHOLAR, I have been struck by the excellence of the new crop of books on European intellectual history. I should like to recommend three in particular—not so much to specialists, who will know about them already, but to the general reader, who may not realize the liveliness and delight he will find in this sort of writing.

Fritz Stern's *The Politics of Cultural Despair* (University of California Press, $8) is a study of the growth of a "Germanic ideology" in the half century before Hitler came to power. It is not so much an explanation of the origins of Nazism as it is an analysis of how a mentality was produced among educated Germans that made possible the eventual acceptance of racism and authoritarian rule. Curiously enough, some of the victims of this ideology initially were attracted to it—among them Thomas Mann and Walther Rathenau, the visionary business leader and foreign minister assassinated in 1922, who is one of the protagonists of James Joll's *Three Intellectuals in Politics* (Pantheon, $4.50). Joll also has fascinating things to say about Léon Blum and E. F. T. Marinetti, but his portrait of Rathenau is his best.

Frank Manuel, whose books on Saint-Simon and on religious ideas in the eighteenth century have put him in the very first rank of American historians of ideas, has produced a third major work. His *Prophets of Paris* (Harvard University Press, $7.50) has a big sweep: it traces French ideologies of progress from their prerevolutionary origins to their culmination in Auguste Comte, and it does it with clarity, wit and grace. Manuel is both enormously learned and vastly entertaining. As literature and as history *The Prophets of Paris* is almost without a flaw. I recommend it unreservedly.

H. STUART HUGHES

* * *

I know what I would make *my* summer reading—if I could get away from the pressure of new books and cold-war arguments. I would devote it entirely to the oldish sort of books that I savor most for the grace of mind (and the quiet power of mind) that has gone into them. Since history is the one thing I can read in all seasons (I mean internal ones) I would reread Tocqueville's *Old Regime and the French Revolution* (Doubleday Anchor, $.95) and G. M. Young's *Victorian England* (Oxford Paperbacks, $1.50). For history of the more personal sort, but history still, I would go back to E. F. Benson's *As We Were* (Longmans, Green, 1930) and Emerson's *English Traits* (Dutton Everyman's, $1.85), Whitman's *Specimen Days* (Signet, $.50) and Trotsky's *Russian Revolution* (Doubleday Anchor, $1.45). Since I love to read critics who are writers, I would certainly get a good deal this summer out of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* (Doubleday Anchor, 2 volumes, $1.45 each).

But above all, I guess, I would want to reread some of my favorite stories and novels. I trust both the artist *and* the tale, and often I trust the tale only because I have learned to trust the artist: Chekhov (almost anything); Tolstoy, above all others, and for "neglected" books like *The Cossacks* (Penguin, $.95) and my favorite story in all of Tolstoy, "Family Happiness"; Turgenev; Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (Doubleday Anchor, $.95); Hawthorne; and among twentieth-

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century novelists and storytellers, Kipling the genius and Colette (the one entirely *feminine* genius I have read), Faulkner and oddly enough Louis Ferdinand Céline, where I guess I *do* trust the tale and not the artist! But *Journey to the End of the Night* (New Directions, $1.65) seems to me the greatest French novel after Proust, himself the master visionary among the novelists, the incomparable mind among storytellers of our time and all too mortal condition.

ALFRED KAZIN

* * *

I have already commented in these pages on the most provocative and disturbing book I have read this year: Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis* (Atheneum, $6.95). Next in line I would put the two new biographies of Eugene O'Neill, the first published being *The Tempering of Eugene O'Neill* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), by Doris Alexander, the second, called simply *O'Neill* (Harper, $12.50), written by Arthur and Barbara Gelb. They differ considerably in length (the second being 950 pages) but they are similar in method. Both are the product of exhaustive research into both written and oral sources; both handle skillfully a great mass of detail, and except for the greater fullness of the second and its analysis of the plays, which falls without the scope of Miss Alexander's book, the story that emerges is in most essentials the same. Fortunately neither attempts to explain away the mysteries of a fascinating character but both give a vivid picture of a tormented man who most improbably failed in his prolonged early efforts to destroy himself both physically and mentally. Both books are "important" and both make fascinating reading.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

* * *

Since I long ago gave up reading for any reason except pleasure, my literary diet does not vary much by the season. If anything, I find I am apt to indulge myself in less trivial fare during holiday months than in the winter—I have more leisure for savoring and less need to drug myself to sleep with something uncerebral.

But I do recognize a need for the book to take traveling. It should be light in physical weight. And it should be guaranteed for satisfaction; libraries and bookstores are not always available away from home. Three or four of my favorites I should like to recommend. They can be stowed away in pockets, in glove compartments, or tossed into a suitcase.

On a motoring trip, for instance, my husband and I always carry along A. E. Housman. You have to be young to enjoy Housman, and young is what one is inclined to feel while driving happily along strange roads. Enclosed, insulated from real life by speed, movement and the abandonment of domestic duties, the adolescent pessimism, the pseudoclassic despair and the impeccable music of that verse seem satisfying as they did when we were college freshmen. It does not do for bedtime reading but it is delightful to chant aloud en route.

Kim (St Martin's, $1.50) is also one of our traveling companions. It, too, is small, childish and perfect. So is Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* (Doubleday Dolphin, $.95). So is Jane Austen's *Persuasion* (Norton, $.85). Kitto's *The Greeks* (Penguin, $.95) has entertained us on journeys, and so has *Adam Bede* (Signet, $.60) in spite of the fact that it is not light in tone but simply good reading. And we find Trevelyan's *History of England* in its three paper volumes (Doubleday Anchor, $.95 each) as romantic and satisfactory a book as one could ask. In fact, a vacation is a natural and proper time to renew one's friendships with early enthusiasms. The wells of joy are apt to be livelier in pleasant weather.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

* * *

Since a great many Americans who have an interest in Africa will never know Africa at first hand, I've given some thought to those works about Africa and principally by Africans that, in my opinion, provide a second-hand acquaintance that is worth

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having. The great political personalities are known to everyone, and the books they have written are widely popular in Africa—not because they are "works of substance," but because (as frequently happens in America and Europe) they are the works of "names." It seems to me that the really important books about Africa are being done by novelists. Yet I would list first a work of nonfiction by an American husband and wife team:

The New Nigerian Elite, (Stanford University Press, $5), by Hugh and Mabel Smythe, is a *background* book. It is two years old and, although books on the same general subject—a society in transition—appear here and in England almost daily, nothing else I've seen matches it. It avoids being ponderous by being prophetic, and its prophecies are fulfilled in these recent novels:

The Palm Wine Drinkard (Grove, $2.75), by Amos Tutuola, may be a little difficult for a little while, but one soon gets the hang of the "pidgen" and the rhythms of African speech, and then one gets absorbed in what Tutuola has to say.

Things Fall Apart (Obolensky, $3.75), by Chinua Achebe, and *No Longer at Ease* (Obolensky, $2.95), by the same author, explore the same theme. What happens to an ordinary person caught in a cultural crossfire? What happens to a country—a world—in the first shock of freedom?

People of the City (Andrew Dakers, 10s. 6d.), by Cyprian Ekwensi, is much more obvious and much more dramatic. It is so dramatic a story of detribalization and urbanization that an English motion picture firm is already negotiating for film rights. The movies will spoil it, for I doubt that the movies will see the central theme in the universal and human terms of the novel.

SAUNDERS REDDING

• • •

Theodore Draper's *Castro's Revolution* (Praeger Paperback, $1.75) seems to me the most lucid and intelligent bit of political analysis done by any American in a decade, perhaps in a couple of decades. It is not just an excellent book on a subject of interest and importance. It is a model of clarity, reason, intellectual decency and good American English prose.

Among other books on public affairs that seem to me admirable are Arthur I. Waskow's *The Limits of Defense* (Doubleday, $2.95), Karl Meyer's *The New America* (Basic Books, $4.50), William Pfaff's and Edmund Stillman's *The New Politics* (Coward-McCann, $4) and Bruno Bettelheim's *The Informed Heart* (Free Press, $5).

Edward Hallett Carr's *What Is History?* (Knopf, $3.50) is a spirited British polemic and a powerful attack on the historians of decline and decay and certain Armageddon. It is more sinewy although less meaty than Herbert J. Muller's books of a similar philosophical tendency, *The Uses of the Past* (Oxford Paperbacks, $2.25) and *The Loom of History* (New American Library, $.95), which are also most rewarding.

Mary McCarthy's *On the Contrary* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $4.50) and Alfred Kazin's *Contemporaries* (Little, Brown, $7.50) have given me great pleasure, as has A. J. Liebling's *The Earl of Louisiana* (Simon and Schuster, $3.95). Miss McCarthy and Mr. Kazin have had their due from the critics. I don't believe that Mr. Liebling has. *The Earl of Louisiana* has, I imagine, been classified by the Library of Congress as a biography of the late Earl Long, sometime Congressman and governor of Louisiana. It is that and far more. It is a splendid travel book by the best American travel writer and a very funny book by one of the finest American humorists. It belongs, as the reviewers say, on the same shelf as Alva Johnston's *The Legendary Mizners* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3.75), a neglected classic which I should like to see rescued from neglect.

I was much taken, recently, with a curious book called *Aristocracy in America* (Harper Torchbooks, $1.60), by Francis J. Grund, a German-born Tocqueville who became a Jacksonian journalist and politician. It seems to me one of the wisest and most entertaining of the books by foreign observers.

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I frequently scold myself for my failure to keep up with modern fiction and poetry. I read scandalously little of the first and almost none of the second. I like the short stories of John Updike and Saul Bellow's novels. I recently read Dickens' *Hard Times* (Dutton Everyman's, $1.25) and enjoyed it hugely.

RICHARD H. ROVERE

* * *

When Robert Ardrey went deep into Africa to live with the baboons and other primates, including some that write revealing reports, he did a distinct service for the race—in fact, for the whole genus *Homo*. He also served the fine literature of the species *sapiens*. Perhaps he has produced a classic in anthropology; for his *African Genesis* (Atheneum, $6.95) makes a strong case for the origin of man in Africa rather than in Asia. The placing in our ancestry of the club-wielding killer ape is a charming story of blood and broken skulls. Better read it and admire the easy poesy.

Edwin G. Boring's *Psychologist at Large* (Basic Books, $6.50) presents a view of the world as seen not by a *genus* or a *race* but by an individual primate who has long worked thoughtfully in a great university. We knew that the human mind is a mess, but hardly that it is as complicated as Boring shows us.

As a light antidote the summer loafer should reread the James Thurber stories in *Lanterns and Lances* (Harper, $3.95). At summer's end he will thank me for this suggestion.

HARLOW SHAPLEY

* * *

Three-volume works that are postponed until summer leisure are, in my experience, likely to be postponed indefinitely. The happy solution for Ernest Jones's big *Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* is the one-volume edition by Lionel Trilling and Steven Marcus (Basic Books, $7.50). No disdain for abridgements should keep one from enjoying this fascinating biography.

The reader who confronts Mark Schorer's formidably proportioned *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (McGraw-Hill, $10) might feel impelled to wait for an abridgement, but this would be a mistake. It is one of the most penetrating biographies of an American writer that we have.

If there is a reader left in the land who can read one more Civil War book, let him turn to one that is a century old, but has few peers, Mary Boykin Chesnut's *Diary from Dixie* (Houghton Mifflin Sentry, $2.45). A recent reading confirms the impression that Mary Chesnut could see deeper into the follies and agonies of the great American tragedy than any of the very important historical figures who bustled through her daily life.

C. VANN WOODWARD

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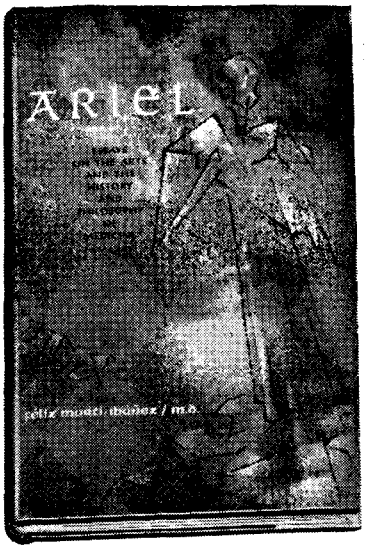

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—EDITOR

I would like to say that the Autumn Anniversary Issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR was the most stimulating I have ever seen. Apparently many editors felt the same way because I have seen references to this issue ranging from the *New York Times* to the *London Economist.*

W. HOWARD CHASE
New York, New York

* * *

A recent questionnaire about THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR prompted me to read the Autumn issue from cover to cover and I must tell you that it left me very much estranged. It was not only the differences in opinion. (Some of these were major, some partial.) I sensed, as well, a one-sidedness, a parochialism which reminded me, in reverse, of the Senator in Sartre's *No Exit* and of the boss in *Purley Victorious.* The manner is more polished, there is at times more good humor, but there is a similar self-gratulation and condescension.

Why should, for instance, the fact that President Kennedy ostentatiously "consulted with Eisenhower, Hoover, Nixon, MacArthur, Goldwater and Rockefeller nauseate many friends of the Administration at home and overseas?" The impression given is that Republicans are beneath contempt and that to consult with them even for the purposes of national unity is defiling. (Alfred Kazin expresses a similar revulsion.) The "many friends" et cetera are clearly "liberal idealists" and intellectuals; they are Mr. Butler's side or team. The rest of the magazine makes it is clear that this is also the SCHOLAR's side. Are the SCHOLAR's editors also nauseated by the other side?

In the usual parlance I am a conservative. Perhaps in counterpoint I could call myself a conservative idealist.

I believe in equality of opportunity. I also believe greatly in individual responsibility.

I should like to see a wide spread of benefits, but I value individual incentive and see the danger in too much centralized power.

I believe that labor unions may be necessary to establish a balance of distribution but I believe also they have been encouraged in economic and social irresponsibility.

I believe there is a good intellectual case to be made for the proposition that political liberty is only possible when private property exists under a capitalistic system.

I believe there is a substantial community of interest between business and working people, a community that has been obscured by labor union leaders on the one hand because they have a vested interest in militancy, and by liberal intellectuals on the other because they have a vested interest in yesterday's slogans.

Internationally, I believe in self-determination and self-government. I believe in the sanctity of contract. I believe in third-party adjudication, in free intercourse among peoples and multilateral determination of disputes. I am opposed to arrogance and aggression—and for these reasons I am an enemy of the Soviet Union, of international Marxism and of communism as it is practiced.

Is all this anti-intellectualism? Or is it merely disagreement with one mode of thinking that has become entrenched and intolerant?

The "alienation" of the intellectual—AMERICAN SCHOLAR type (?)—discussed by Professor Hofstadter in The Revolving Bookstand is largely involuntary. It seems to me to be a compulsive thing full of major rigidities and inhibitions.

Even Professor Hofstadter, who is critical of resistance to society as a principle, and who realizes that commitment to an ideal of destructive criticism "may distort or inhibit inquiry"—even he seems to be a "team" man, as if he

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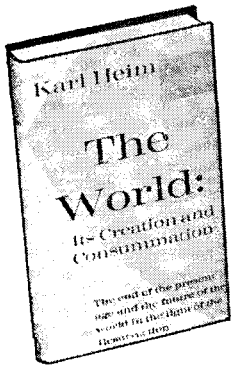

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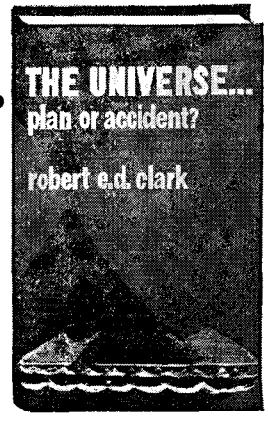

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were a member not so much of the City of Man as of one of its fortified hills. His plea in behalf of society is maximally mild. "As for us [intellectuals], we have so much to complain of that it would be a pity not to be able to see such merits as our world happens to have."

Outside of the natural sciences, it is doubtful that one can understand anything without love. Pure inquiry in the social fields is somewhat of an unreality. In these fields of a fluid society, society's experience is more the measure of intellectuality than its competitor. There can be no illumination without relevance and materiality. The concept that our society is somehow worth cherishing, that it may be considered an island of comparative grace in a savage and chaotic real world, this is missing from the pages of the SCHOLAR. The "ideal of destructive criticism" is prevalent.

Professor Hughes lives in a nightmare from which he cannot summon the will to wake himself. He admits to a "lack of realism" toward the Communist world, to "softness" and "illusions" about Russia and China. Yet he condemns those who did not share those errors, as if it were better to be wrong about these great issues than to disturb minds drugged with fantasy.

He congratulates "liberals" like himself for refusing years ago to consider the world irrevocably split, as though everyone else were glad about it and as if it were a virtue not to recognize an ugly fact of crucial importance.

Typically, his interest in McCarthy is only in the impact upon his group of identification, not in its import for the society in which he lives. McCarthyism was an ugly experience for a number of leftward-leaning intellectuals, unjustly so in many cases.

It was more than that for this country. It was the terrible "morning after," the awakening from a vast illusion of security after victory. The country had fought a terrible war and expected a kindly and decent peace with the aid of allies cooperating in the spirit of the Atlantic Charter. Suddenly it found itself faced with a savage, ruthless, messianic enemy, its former ally. How could this have happened? Who kept us in ignorance? The answer was simple, and correct—our political leaders who were themselves deluded, and most of our intellectual leaders who were either deluded (like Professor Hughes) or, in some cases, collaborators with the communists.

The shock was enormous. It would have been idle to expect an orderly, urbane accommodation to the new set of facts in a society as vast,

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complex and permissive as is our country's. McCarthy was unscrupulous, true. But his opportunity was a gift of failure in leadership to understand communism and prepare the people. McCarthy was a symptom, not the disease. The disease was ignorance nurtured by those who claimed the right to be trusted.

I find incongruous Professor Hughes's indignation with the McCarthy era and his expressed readiness for unilateral disarmament. He thus invites the success of those who accord none of the civil rights he cherishes. What seems to be constant in him is the desire to appease the left —first in admiration, then extenuation, then apathy, finally submission.

If I may sum up my opinion, rather than continue to make points, I find the general tenor of the writing in the SCHOLAR unself-critical. The intimations of truth are not new or fresh, they are the commonplaces of two generations. It is time to question them. They engross the intellectual marketplaces to a monopolistic degree. They invite society to travel in a direction to which it is already inclined. They are in fact the slogans of the mob. The social thinking tends to be Utopian and emotionally destructive. The penchant for centralism and the derogation of individual responsibility have been carried to their logical extremes in Russia and China, where they have evolved into a religion of organized anti-intellectualism.

The tenets, expressed and implied, are centered in an alienation from the activities of producers and distributors which is common to academic critics. It should be possible to comprehend businessmen as necessary and useful functionaries who reflect organic societal values. It is more common to attack them. This is not all bad, although the malice is excessive. But to assume simplistic solutions to the problems of power, to talk pluralism and yearn for centralism, to be Manichaean at home and cruise hostess internationally—this seems to me indefensible.

RAPHAEL MALSIN
New York, New York

* * *

Is it possible to obtain reprints of Walter Kerr's article, "The World With Both Eyes Open" in the Spring issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR? So sane a statement from so qualified a critic deserves to be read by college students.

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In recent months I have been forced to neglect my periodical readings in favor of more pressing pursuits. In my efforts to bring myself up to the present I have just finished reading your Winter issue and I feel compelled to question the truth and the value of Benjamin DeMott's article on irony and the new humor.

At the beginning of the article, the vulgar, glib, meaningless phrase, "sicknik," repelled me. Anyone who condescends to the use of such popular jargon and labels in a serious article shows a lack of taste and understanding. Stooping to insulting nicknames is no way to begin a serious study of a new and widespread phenomenon of our culture. To link people like Sahl, Berman, Adams, Nichols & May and Gregory with cheap jokes and fly-by-night recording groups without distinguishing the different level of their materials can be expected of third-rate journalists but not respectable scholars.

Mr. DeMott seems to have no understanding of the material these people present, or of the entertainment world in general—despite his wide travels through the night clubs. To claim Joe E. Lewis shows "sicknik" influences (or the influence of Mr. Sahl or Mr. Bruce) because he follows the methods of the traditional comedians, such as Hope, Berle, Carter, et cetera, is foolish. These men have incorporated topical humor into their patter and routines for years. Lewis involves civil rights and integration in his usual monologues about gambling and drinking because they are current headline events. And why, may I ask, should such topics be labelled "sick"?

The Don Adams routine about the plane crash incident is a pointed mockery of the Ed Sullivan inanity of introducing people from the audience and the inhumanity of such announcers as Ralph Edwards when they expose intimate emotions to national audiences for profit. This seems legitimate criticism from a satirical point of view. He burlesques the situation in order to dramatize for his audience the grotesque cruelty of such actions. How does one make such a point except by making the attack fierce enough? Bland satire is just absorbed into the mythic structure of what it was supposedly satirizing, as for example in the musical comedy, *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying.*

Mr. DeMott overweights words in his ponderous analyses of some of Dick Gregory's two-line material. His detailed explanation and theory as to why Gregory chose the genial attitude of the professional entertainer in a particular in-

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stance by including the audience with him ("our side") against the immorality of the Chicago police is ludicrous. Naturally the speaker thinks of himself as on the side of good and this time he includes his audience. The satirist always speaks, so he thinks, from the true and moral side. Mr. DeMott has lost himself in a self-made labyrinth of ambiguity and irony.

The density of the man is so inclusive that he reveals himself naively as the actual target of many of the pointed barbs that come from the more clever of this type of entertainer. His footnote attack on *The Second City* skit mocking the man who is leaving to protect the minority rights of "the Boers in South Africa" misses the obvious point of the lesson and regards it as an attack on defenders of minority rights. DeMott becomes the blind espouser of minority causes that they are criticizing. How could he miss the simple moral that all minority causes are not just, merely because they are minority causes?

It is no wonder that he finds fault with Jules Feiffer. Feiffer's devastating parodies on the automatic liberal hit too close to home. He is too dogmatic and lacks the perspective to laugh at himself—a fault he shares with the so-called "Beat Generation" writers. When one can no longer laugh at oneself, one has really stopped thinking.

On and on Mr. DeMott plunges, defending Norman Rockwell, "family spirit," hypocritical clerics and unthinking national policies. He seems almost deliberately to misinterpret Dick Gregory's double and triple pronged criticisms of national policy. Gregory's conceit that the infamous "button" is in Caroline Kennedy's playroom immediately points out the horror of a world where such a button exists, the childish nature of the arms race, and the fact that Caroline receives as much national attention as her father. I think that is quite well-conceived for a mere two-line joke and worth attention and laughter.

I could continue these detailed corrections of his analyses, but to save space I will proceed to his summation. DeMott makes the false identification of audience and artist. The faults of the audience belong inherently to the artist, he appears to suggest. The patrons of the Blue Angel certainly deserve some of his contempt (although I can hardly speak with authority since I have been there only twice), but why are their flaws necessarily those of Dick Gregory also? I'm sure that Mort Sahl, for instance, might draw the same false conclusions about Mr. DeMott because he writes for an academic

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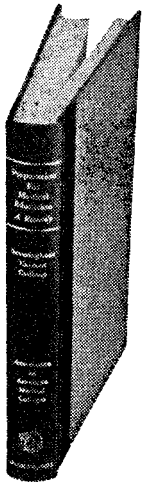

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magazine like THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR and lives on a secluded college campus. Sahl might apply all the cliché attacks of pendantry, disinvolvement, et cetera that are linked with scholarly audiences.

Accept the material for itself. The best of these new comedians show a new awareness, an intellectual preoccupation with the real moral and political problems of our age. They observe the foibles, the errors, the hypocrisy, and they comment. There is a long, honorable tradition of such observers. The new comedians are a vast improvement over their predecessors for this reason. Despite their position as professional entertainers, their efforts deserve serious consideration, not as lasting literature, but as the promptings of moral gadflies who would sting us into action if only we were not already dead.

DeMott is wrong. Laughter is not the new panacea, the new tranquilizer. It is the sign of a new generation that is tired of the old slogans and ideologies that have become ends in themselves. This laughter destroys the old meaningless hypocrisy and heralds, I believe, the new generations of Freedom Riders, sit-ins, and other dynamic, concerned, young people who are the last hope of a frightened world.

CHARLES T. GREGORY
New York, New York

* * *

Perhaps Mr. DeMott's "sickniks" [AS: Winter, 1961-62] are the smiling-faced counterparts of all those ubiquitous, humorless pamphleteers and rhetoricians of Right and Left, and of campus ragamuffins demonstrating with makeshift placards and new beards the pall of doom. But proponents of the New Irony, at least, seem to be less self-defeating and irresponsible than Dr. DeMott's perceptive and arresting article suggests. Hasn't most fine humor always addressed itself to a blasting of current institutions, hypocrisies and clichés? Surely such humor has not necessarily implied an alternative moral certainty to its exposed chaos; nor has it usually grounded itself in some sort of respectable affirmation. What about most of Thurber and Mencken?

The "sick" joke, I think, can be a valuable tool now and then for an English teacher to impress graphically (shockingly, hysterically) upon his students that words, "ideas" and concepts may not always "communicate" very much at face value. For example, Mr. DeMott complains that recent comedians do not halt their derisive irony against the commercialization of

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the family and marriage, against the endless crusades of charity and against the banality of many women who subscribe to book clubs. Rather, these comedians proceed to render a scathing attack on the family system itself, on charity as an institution and on the human search for wisdom. Yet readers of good fiction and nonfiction are familiar with learned and convincing books and articles that attack these very pieties, even as they should be attacked, and defended. College freshmen, who are notoriously and rigidly "conventional" in point of view, often begin to accept the fact that their conditioned responses to such concepts as "Culture" and "Americanism," let us say, have to experience a vigorous rhetorical scrubbing before the "meanings" of those terms slowly yield themselves. An irreverent joke can sometimes make the point more effectively than can a stuffy article or story anthologized by geriatrics in Departments of English.

If the sickniks make us aware of the shoddy language we employ to cover up shoddy lives and motives, hurray for the insight. Neither Mr. DeMott nor his propounders of the New Irony, incidentally, seem bent over in a stupor of cynicism; they are incisively intelligent and quite relevant in their subjects of dispute. Anyway, what's so bad about laughing at "unfunny" things? Chairman K. of the U.S.S.R. would probably have a handful of peasant jokes to answer that one.

Besides, let the angry young men have their fun; they've been shouting long enough.

ROBERT N. HERTZ
Cornell University

* * *

Benjamin DeMott has patiently and attentively listened to the "sick" comics, and tells us that they cater to cynicism and an apathetic despair. Their self-laceration, self-exposure and disregard for the sacrosanct have, for the general public, tagged them with the mocking word for the mentally ill. The longueurs of Mort Sahl when he exhausts his best material, and Lenny Bruce's blasphemies which produce embarrassed titters in the audience, as if they expected thunderbolts to start falling when the sacred is mentioned in vain, might entitle them to the sobriquet the "tired" comics. However, when they are first-rate—accepting Mr. DeMott's lumping of rather disparate people in one group—they are not the comics of estrangement but the comics of engagement.

If humor is satanic it is because it points to the grotesque and absurd in our lives. This

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element, while it is subversive, can without contradiction be clarifying and strengthening. I agree with Mr. DeMott in doubting that Jews can be generalized as subversive; they are in my experience very little deserving of that description, although their presence seems historically to be disturbing to believers in orthodoxy. But why is the idealistic periodical *Commentary* cited as a disproof of this generalization? It cannot be that subversion means solely the spirit of destruction and idealism constructive action. At least, things appear to be more complex than that.

With the exception of the relatively antediluvian Tom Lehrer, this style of comedy began well into the Eisenhower Administration, when the public statements of pretentious piety seemed to be corroding the national intelligence and clogging all the channels of sensation with nonsense. At this time, when platitudes were spoken with the utmost seriousness, these comics made a private life of sense and reason possible. The profound, anonymous voice of the statesmen and the inane realm of the mass media, compounded as they are of formalistic attitudes and tenuous ideas (already well denounced), provided the comic material. I can myself foresee no end to this, for the effort and industry devoted to the production of idiocy might support several times the present population of comedians. The cabaret atmosphere which is felt to vitiate the effect of their jokes is in part their appeal to the private life, the happy few, and in part their means of supporting themselves outside of the great amusement networks that provide them with such excellent opportunities for comedy.

There is, as Mr. DeMott noticed, a distinct difference in the jokes about immorality. Traditionally the basis of these jokes was the occurrence of immorality in a world with a strict formal morality. Consequently sin had something supernatural and devilish in it, hot, wild and enthusiastic—something modern life appears to have lost with its loss in the belief in these pieties. Now, supposedly we have investigated vice in our search for self and meaning; in the new jokes, vice is shown to be nothing more holy than old appetite in spite of our talk about relationships, sensitivity and development —for a good example listen to Nichols & May.

The new joke treats merely incorrigible self-deceit. It doesn't imply that love is impossible any more than the routine in which a night club M.C. asks a man who has lost both wife and children to stand up and get a round of applause implies that family or grief is funny. (The point of this joke is our dreadful voyeurism which makes us rush to the scene of an accident, watch "Queen for a Day" or crane our necks to see some manufactured celebrity.) Nor do Dick Gregory's jokes ridicule action against social injustice; they do in fact prevent us from becoming besotted with self-righteousness and sentimentality. What could be more pertinent than demonstrating that if Negroes are our equals, then they must have our faults—witness the story about the Negro lady buying a mink coat who asks the salesgirl, "You don't think this makes me look too Jewish?"

This humor relies on extension to absurdity and the displacement of elements: in short, it makes a grotesque. Baudelaire calls this the absolute form of humor—it is man himself confronted with nature that suggests the grotesque. Visions of the grandeur and littleness of man are not confined to modern life, for we find them in Pascal, although the use of them as a source of humor may well be contemporary. Perhaps it is our reiterated boasting of having conquered and controlled nature that makes it funny.

I doubt that belief and ideals are destroyed if an instance of each in outrageous form is exploded; dogma and rigid doctrine are blown away instead. When our knowledge and understanding of life are imperiled by inflated abstractions, it is a pleasure to find a form of comedy that prefers man in all his incompleteness to a schematic figure in a diagram.

CHARLES E. CHERUBIN, M.D.
Greeley, Colorado

* * *

Your editorial enterprise in presenting a forum in which authors are permitted to reply to reviewers [AS: Winter, 1961-1962] is to be applauded. I shall look forward to the replies of the critics, should they wish to rebut, and I hope that you will carry this feature from time to time.

It seems to me that the bland favorable review, based on camaraderie rather than criticism, might also be deplored.

MARK CARROLL
Harvard University

* * *

Perhaps Dr. Irving Horowitz ["Arms, Policies and Games," AS: Winter, 1961-62] might have impugned the social scientist or the anthropologist as well as the physician in his indictment of the new civilian militarists. Perhaps to other than the social scientist or the anthropologist

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the physician's attitude toward his discipline is viewed even as Dr. Horowitz suggests.

I would suggest only that if the *expertise* of Dr. Horowitz's physician is that of a "game theorist," who is confused between "is" and "ought" and feels that "indifference to the valuational issues" is the "best possible pose for the scientific mind," then Dr. Horowitz might be fortunate in a change of physician before significant illness overtakes him!

To this physician the treatment he gives the new civilian militarists seems so appropriate. I am grieved that the physician is thought to be pertinent to his analogy—maybe he "is," but he "ought" not be the most fitting subject. "If you don't mind my saying so," be mindful that the "condition" and the "nature" of "Doc" may not be the same.

R. E. Riederer, M.D.
Chevy Chase, Maryland

* * *

I have been subscribing to your wonderful journal for almost two years. I have enjoyed every issue during that time, and I have found to my pleasure that there are always two or three pieces that I feel enthusiastic about, besides several more that I can enjoy and appreciate.

I am writing to list the articles in the Autumn and Winter issues that especially pleased me, with the hope that I may influence you to include more of the same in succeeding issues.

Autumn Anniversary Issue:

1. Hughes—"Why We Had No Dreyfus Case."
2. Kazin—"The President and Other Intellectuals."
3. DeMott—on the TV trials.
4. Outstanding books between 1931 and 1961. A grand idea. I was enlightened to see three votes for *Finnegans Wake,* and it gave me pleasure to read praise for relatively unknown books. Could this sort of feature be repeated, if the opportunity arises?

Winter Issue:

1. Krutch—on capital punishment. He said what I have been thinking and fretting over for some time. I feel bad about my stand when so many people I admire are bitterly opposed to capital punishment. Even Darrow's autobiography couldn't convince me. Anyway, it was the best of Mr. Krutch's pieces that I've read so far.
2. The Wm. Palmer Taylor letter to the editor.
3. The writers rebutting the reviewers. It must have given them great satisfaction. I was edified and instructed. Is this something that could be repeated once a year or so?
4. DeMott on the sickniks. I enjoy Mr. DeMott. He has chosen an absorbing topic every time so far, and I enjoy his thoughts. I hope he stays with you for a long time.

Peter W. Roberts
Ridgefield, Connecticut

* * *

I wish to congratulate Perry Miller on his wonderful article, "The Responsibilities of Mind in a Civilization of Machines," in the Winter American Scholar.

At a time like this, when the love of power and avarice, greed and chicanery abound in our acquisitive society, it is a great comfort to thinking people to be reminded of responsibility, wisdom and compassion. In our day, where marvel and wonder seem to be acquired at small cost, man has been seduced by his own personal mythology that he can reign forever the master of his own destiny. Our atomic age has shown that man's capacity for good or evil can go out of balance and that the control lost is so difficult to regain.

Man must relearn some simple lessons about himself and his society to develop the serenity of the inner man, retain it and build an outer armadillo shell of deep insulation. As a clinical psychiatrist I can appreciate the exasperation and ecstasy that Professor Miller has experienced, and that the patient experiences in the intellectual and emotional experiences that come through therapy.

I. Leo Fishbein, M. D.
Miami Beach, Florida

* * *

Referring to the informative article on "The Early Lyric in Gaelic" [AS: Winter, 1961-62], by Mr. Ó Broin: I had assumed that the old court minstrels generally were propagandists of the *arma-virumque-cano* school, paid for inducing men to give up their lives for the greed and glory of the chief.

But isn't the ancient spelling of Clontarf Cluain-Tarbh? And I regret that you did not galvanize your readers by giving Mr. O'Byrne's name the other Gaelic spelling, O'Brain!

Malachi John Murphy
Washington, D. C.

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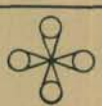

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